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Prisoners from Hanoi
WERE THEY TORTURED?
JON M. VAN DYKE

Civil Rights, the Nixon Fiddle
BARNEY SELLERS

Not in Service
THE INDISCRETIONS OF MA BELL
JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Shaw's Autobiography / Alfred Turco

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LETTERS

radio theatre

Bristol, U.K.

DEAR SIRS: Having just read the theatre book review by Albert Bermel [*The Nation*, Aug. 25], it occurs to me that he might like to know . . . one way that we in Britain have maintained a "writer's theatre."

Mr. Bermel writes, apropos of staged readings of new texts:

> . . . they do most for the play, it seems to me, when they are modestly conceived and the actors take on multiple roles, and when the script itself is of a kind that has to be listened to, not bathed in.

This could almost serve as a definition for radio drama as we have known it on the B.B.C. for many years. Long before the creation of a National Theatre in London, the B.B.C. served as a "national theatre of the air," putting on a range of serious drama from Marlowe to the most contemporary international *avant-garde*; it continues to do so through a flourishing Radio Drama Department whose head is Martin Esslin.

Not only is radio drama the most inexpensive to produce within the professional sphere but by its very nature it forces the listener's attention away from incidental distractions and onto the central qualities of the script itself. Certainly it is not a communal experience but it is the most private and intimate form of drama available. . . . I would draw Mr. Bermel's attention to its potentialities.

Brian Miller, Drama Producer,
B.B.C. South & West Region.

product testing

Mendocino, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Articles setting forth the plight of the consumer, such as A. Q. Mowbray's "Show Biz or Hard Facts" [*The Nation*, Sept. 15] cannot appear too often. However, Mowbray's recommendation that private testing laboratories be set up to appraise products vitiates his whole argument. The fact that such facilities serve in dealings between U. S. Steel and General Motors proves nothing; GM can protect itself.

No elaboration of testing facilities is needed. Everything we buy is classified as to quality by the federal government in its capacity of world's greatest buyer. We pay for all the testing it does, but are denied access to the results. The government, setting business interests above all else, is the chief culprit in our sorry situation.

R. J. Kennedy

Asian Hessians

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: There is one aspect of the Vietnamese situation which should, I think, receive a great deal of attention: that the Vietnamese "on our side" are there only because they are drafted. Thus when U.S. troops are withdrawn, the United States expects Vietnamese to carry on because they have been drafted to carry on what is in essence a war to protect the United States from the two huge Communist powers. I am not saying the Vietnamese draftees won't do it; I am saying it is wrong of this country to compel them to do it.

To draft a mercenary army of aliens is a way of saving our nation's own manpower. Yet it amounts to military service without representation, since the decision to wage war and deny real elections is made here, while the men asked to fight are drafted there.

Tertius Chandler

EDITORIALS

The Other Wars

Sen. John Sherman Cooper's amendment to the current military authorization bill went through with flying colors—86 to 0. Its intent was to insure that none of the funds provided under this bill, *or any other*, would be used for American combat support of "local forces" in Thailand and Laos. Senator Stennis tried to water down the amendment; as he understood it, the prohibition would apply only to the $2.5 billion appropriated in one section of the bill. Senator Cooper would not abide any such restriction. The amendment was intended, he explained, to be "sweeping in application." Senator Javits, a cosponsor of the amendment, intervened in the exchange between Cooper and Stennis. He asked: "Will the Senator [Cooper] confirm to me that what he is seeking really to do is to pass a Gulf of Tonkin resolution in reverse: that, instead of permitting the President to use the armed forces of the United States for the given purpose which got us into Vietnam, we would prohibit the President [from so doing]?" Mr. Cooper replied: "Yes. I do not assume the President wants to involve us in any war in Laos and Thailand. . . . But the Senate has its responsibility. I believe this is the way to insure, as far as we can, that we do not become so involved."

This Senate action demonstrates just how unpopular the Vietnamese War has become, and how determined the Senate is to prevent a recurrence. But the fact is that we are already involved in Laos in much the same way that we were involved in Vietnam in the early sixties. Senator Symington called this fact to public attention, dragging it out from under the camouflage draped over it by both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations. It was not the first time that Senator Symington had made this effort. In August he stated on the floor of the Senate: "We have been at war in Laos for years and it is time the American people knew more of the facts."

There is also fighting by local forces in Thailand, but American participation there has reached no such heights as in Laos. That, however, is only temporary comfort: it could escalate, as Vietnam and Laos escalated, unless balked by Senate and public opposition. The pride of the Thai satraps was sorely wounded in August when resistance developed in the Senate to a top-secret U.S.-Thai "contingency plan" that contemplated the use of U.S. forces to protect the Thais against domestic rebellion. The Thais did everything but demand the immediate withdrawal of the 49,000 U.S. troops, mostly airmen, currently stationed in their country. But within a few days it became obvious that all this indignation was fencing and word mongering. The Thais have no intention of giving up the flow of American dollars.

The particularly disquieting aspect of both the Thai and Laotian situations is that as soon as American combat participation slackens in one part of Southeast Asia, even as little as it has slackened in Vietnam, it is stepped up in another. When, for instance, we stopped bombing

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North Vietnam, the action seemed to shift to Thailand, and aircraft flying from Thai bases were freed for use in support of Laotian Government troops.

The President speaks soothingly of reducing American involvement but, as Senator Mansfield reported after his recent tour of the area, ". . . there is no indication, as yet, of when or how the size of the U. S. presence in Asia is to be reduced in any significant degree." About 1,000 Americans are serving in Laos, and our expenditures there total more than $300 million a year. In all these operations, candor is conspicuously lacking. The Johnson and Nixon Administrations seem exactly alike in their assumption that the way to deal with the Senate and the American people is to keep both in the dark as far as possible.

Korea Heats Up

The fatuity of Mr. Nixon's vague discussion of reducing American commitments abroad is nowhere more conspicuous than in Korea. A time bomb is ticking there, and if it goes off, say in 1971, it will be a miracle if the United States, with 56,000 troops in South Korea, is not involved. Both the Soviet Union and China have defense treaties with North Korea. When President Chung Hee Park, the military dictator of South Korea, visited the United States recently, President Nixon raised the possibility that South Korea might provide its own defense, but added weakly that the United States "will be proud to stand with you and your people in the future." If this noble ally of ours should find his regime tottering, he will not forget that declaration.

Korea was unified for a thousand years and has neither ethnic nor religious minorities. All that divides it is the great powers. North Korea is determined to achieve unification by 1971. The North Koreans think they discern a trend toward isolationism in the United States—at least that is how they read Mr. Nixon's speeches on American policy in Asia. They know that the United States is over a barrel in Vietnam and may be reluctant to get involved elsewhere. But they know also that if the war is ever settled in Vietnam the United States will be in a position to transfer troops to Korea, so the projected reunification should be effected while Washington has all it can handle and the American people are showing themselves to be weary of external adventures.

Our economic aid to South Korea is supposed to end in 1971. The North Korean military pact with the Soviet Union, unless renewed, will also terminate in that year. And a South Korean Presidential election is coming in the same year. It looks like a year of decision.

U.S. Army Chief of Staff Gen. William Westmoreland did not cover himself with glory in Vietnam, but he cannot have departed from Southeast Asia without picking up some ideas about the Asian situation generally. Questioned by a reporter in Idaho Falls, Ida., he agreed that a recurrence of the Korean War of the fifties is certainly a possibility. If he is right in this appraisal, it is one more argument for getting our troops out of the Korean line of fire. That may prove to be as important as getting them out of Vietnam.

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Appeal to Conscience

The *Congressional Record* for September 17 carries 68 pages of House of Representatives oratory on the subject of American prisoners in the hands of North Vietnam and the NLF. The spate of speeches was touched off by Rep. William L. Dickinson (R., Ala.), who had chosen the occasion when two returned prisoners and a group of prisoners' wives were in the visitors' gallery to offer a resolution on the subject. The resolution is utterly impotent, merely an "appeal" to Hanoi to observe the terms of the Geneva Agreement, and the waves of rhetoric which swept the House must have been scant comfort to the wives present. Legislator after legislator rose to add epithets to the denunciation of the Communist enemy: he was savage, uncivilized, untrustworthy, cruel, a master of psychology and unconcerned with any human life, his own as well as ours. Thus, appealing to him would seem an exercise in bathos, and one wonders that 200 or more Congressmen were eager to add their names to Representative Dickinson's resolution.

Legislators, of course, are ever prompt to jump up and pay tribute to "our brave boys" in their hours of tribulation. Like saluting the flag, it is an exercise in primitive patriotism that requires no thought and costs no money. But something more seemed to be moving the House to grandiloquent cliché. In this war it has been hard to find grounds for vilifying the enemy; he has sat on his own territory and received our onslaught—stubborn is about the worst thing you could call him. But from time to time, American soldiers—bomber pilots for the most part—have fallen into his hands, and it is perfectly true that he has not behaved toward them according to the precepts of the Geneva Convention. The names of those held captive have not been released by Hanoi and the Vietcong, and only a few have been permitted to write home. Letters and packages sent to prisoners have been returned unopened.

Rumors of inhumane conditions, torture and "brainwashing" proliferate in the absence of information, and from their own viewpoint the North Vietnamese policy is probably wrong. But proof of brutality is lacking (see article on page 334). Meanwhile, we dispose of such prisoners as we take by handing them to the South Vietnamese. This was mentioned as a virtuous act early in the House exercise in righteous indignation, and it was not until considerably later that Rep. George E. Brown, Jr. (D., Calif.) got the floor to point out that the South Vietnamese consider their captives traitors, and that the savagery with which they treat them is an open secret in Saigon. Representative Brown suggested, reasonably enough, that if we are truly concerned for the welfare of American prisoners in the North, we should give some active heed to the fate of Vietnamese prisoners in the South.

But except for Brown, and a very few other voices, the tone of the day was glory to our splendid troops and anathema to the Communist fiend. It is true enough that the average American soldier (or any other soldier) is brave, true enough that the families are blameless, true enough that the suspense created by Hanoi is agonizing. And these truths, like the American flag stickers on the windows of the nation, cover up the tougher truths: that we are fighting an unjustifiable war with a disreputable ally; that we cannot win it honorably and do not know how to lose it gracefully. No wonder the Representatives talked for 68 pages—they were appealing to their own consciences to remain quiet.

A Case To Watch

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, through its Chicago Joint Board, has filed an action in the federal court which seeks to compel four Chicago newspapers to accept a full-page advertisement which they have all refused to publish. The ad is addressed to the issue of imported clothing—men's and boys' apparel—which the union contends is having a detrimental effect on the economic interests of its membership. The newspapers admit that they turned down the ad. A spokesman for one of them is quoted as saying: "It is our policy never to give a reason for refusing an ad." The Field publications (*Sun-Times* and *Daily News*) explain that they do not accept ads that attack an organization or an individual by name (the ad in question mentions Marshall Field & Company, the largest single importer of men's and boys' apparel in the Chicago area). But the papers have carried an ad of the American Tobacco Company which attacked *The New York Times* by name. We doubt that the Amalgamated ad was rejected because it attacked a company by name. Of much greater weight would have been the fact that it attacked a department store, than which no institution is more sacred to the accounting office of a big-city daily newspaper.

The papers carried stories of the controversy when it first arose, but the union contends that the accounts were unfair, in that they gave the company's statement in full without affording the union's side equal space. Television and radio have also reported the decision of the newspapers. In theory, the union could buy time to present its views, but spokesmen contend that time adequate for the purpose would be prohibitively expensive. A ruling in the court action is expected on October 24.

We are not concerned with the merits of the controversy over the economic effects of clothing imports, but the court action involves an issue of major importance. When a large community has only a limited number of channels of communication, electronic or printed, an obligation exists to make these channels available for the presentation of views on social, economic and political issues on a nondiscriminatory basis. That other means of communication exist—such as the union's right to purchase radio and television time or to print and distribute handbills or to employ a skywriting plane—does not dispose of the issue. The Chicago *Tribune* (800,000) and *Chicago Today* (435,000) are jointly owned. Field Enterprises publishes the *Sun-Times* (525,000) and *Daily News* (460,000). These are daily circulation figures. The Sunday circulation of the *Tribune* exceeds 1.1 million, the *Sun-Times* exceeds 720,000. *Today* exceeds 465,000. No other Chicago newspaper has a circulation as high as 40,000. The union contends that for the dissemination of information and opinions there is no substitute for access to some if not all of these papers.

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For some years now various attempts have been made —notably in monopoly or near-monopoly newspaper situations—to advance the argument that newspapers should be regarded, for certain purposes, as a quasi-public utility. A number of law review articles have advanced similar arguments. Commissioner Kenneth Cox of the FCC has urged Congress to enact a law that would compel newspapers and magazines, in effect, to observe the "equal time" doctrine that now applies to radio and television. An obvious objection is that radio and television stations are licensed media, using publicly owned airways; the printed media are not. Even so, newspapers and magazines, which exercise an unregulated discretion about their news and editorial columns, should be most careful about rejecting ads on important social, economic and political issues—not merely because ads would seem to be the last recourse of those who feel aggrieved but because, as in Chicago, the possibility of entanglement with the antitrust laws looms large and clear. The best safeguard against proposals such as that advanced by Mr. Cox—and with provocation they will multiply—is, as the Louisville *Courier-Journal* pointed out recently, "a scrupulous regard for voluntary standards of fairness."

The Myth of Invulnerability

It is a disconcerting postscript to the long success story of AT&T when *The New York Times* (September 22) and *The Wall Street Journal* (September 18) feature on their front pages stories of service deterioration not only in New York but in Miami, Boston, Denver, Atlanta, Los Angeles and other cities. And history is being made when proud American Telephone and Telegraph, which provides about 87 per cent of the nation's interstate telephone service, is summoned to Washington by the Federal Communications Commission to give an accounting not only of what it is doing, or plans to do, about consumer complaints but of its management practices and its failures to anticipate demand—all this while AT&T is asking for higher income so that it can earn the 9 per cent on investment to which it feels entitled. Under such circumstances, the *Wall Street Journal* reporter who predicts an end to the "friendly informality" that has characterized FCC-AT&T rate conferences may well be proved right.

Some of these events are discussed elsewhere in this issue by Joseph C. Goulden, whose book on AT&T, *Monopoly*, published last year by Putnam's, should have received far more attention than it did. A few points may be stressed by way of supplementation. The first is that *The Nation*'s conclusion (editorial, September 8) that in the long run Con Edison, New York's troubled power supplier, did *not* benefit from lax regulation is equally applicable to AT&T and its mammoth subsidiary, New York Telephone. The FCC employs about forty people to keep an eye on AT&T. Even if all forty were paragons of insight and vigilance, they would be hopelessly outgunned by AT&T's army of lawyers, accountants, financial experts, lobbyists, et al. So the monopoly, virtually unregulated, tends to take its efficiency for granted. Sooner or later, efficiency so assumed begins to decline—even, perhaps, at the highest levels of management.

Further damage is done, both to the company and its customers, when the latter are regarded by management as a feckless horde that knows nothing about telephony beyond lifting the receiver and twirling the dial. What can these unorganized primitives do to a great technical corporation? It turns out that they can do a great deal when they feel put upon. They can run full-page ads, storm into hearings, write their Congressmen, harass the FCC; sooner or later they get action. Thus Ma Bell's lapses may in the end benefit the public; the myth of her invulnerability is no longer believed, and regulation may become more than a pretense.

Dubious Appointments

President Nixon's appointments of Dean Burch, former Republican National Committee Chairman and Goldwater's protégé, to be chairman of the FCC for a seven-year term, and of Robert Wells of Kansas to fill another vacancy, are extremely dubious. Most commission appointments are in some sense political, but the Burch choice is partisan as well. Aside from services to the Republican Party, and the backing of Senator Goldwater, it would be difficult to suggest any claims he might have for consideration. Mr. Wells is the first broadcast station owner to be named to the commission since 1947. He is president and general manager of a Midwest chain that is licensed to a company which also publishes eight daily newspapers. As might be expected, Mr. Wells is on record in support of S. 2004, the Pastore Bill, which would have the effect of giving broadcasters their licenses in perpetuity (see "The Pastore Bill," *The Nation*, August 25).

The new appointments will retain three Republicans and four Democrats on the FCC, but the appointment of a new chairman usually produces a significant turnover in top staff posts. At the moment, the broadcasting industry is greatly agitated about licenses; for the first time since the FCC was created, there is a slight hope that the country may get more licensees with a satisfactory sense of public responsibility. The presence of Messrs. Burch and Wells on the committee would surely discourage it.

These appointments forecast the imposition of brakes on the efforts of Commissioners Johnson and Cox to breathe some life, vigor and courage into one of the most important regulatory agencies. The National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting has suggested to Mr. Nixon that a panel of citizens unaffiliated with the industry be empowered to review any list of persons under consideration for FCC vacancies. Where the public interest is so vital and so diffuse, and the industry position so powerful and vocal, some such procedure would have been desirable. More recently, the NCCB suggested that Messrs. Burch and Wells should attend a public forum under its auspices to answer questions from the listening and viewing public, the occasion to be carried live by the three major networks. The suggestion—utopian, we concede—was of course ignored. The public, or rather that section of it which senses the importance of the issues, will now have to make itself heard by other means. Committee hearings on the appointments will, we are told, be scheduled some time after October 5. Unhappily, the committee is chaired by Senator Pastore.

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WERE THEY TORTURED?

JON M. VAN DYKE

Mr. Van Dyke, assistant professor of law at Catholic University, Washington, D.C., is now on leave of absence doing legal research in San Francisco. He is the author of North Vietnam's Strategy for Survival, *to be published this year by Pacific Books.*

Two of the American fighting men most recently released from North Vietnam held a press conference in early September to "blow the whistle" on North Vietnam's treatment of its prisoners, but their statements raised more questions than they answered—questions not only about North Vietnam's handling of its captives but also about how the Pentagon is using the released men.

At the elaborately staged press conference in the auditorium of the Bethesda Naval Medical Center, Navy Lieut. Robert F. Frishman and Apprentice Seaman Douglas B. Hegdahl said they had been tortured, by being put in small, ovenlike rooms and exposed to mosquitoes and rats. They also asserted that they had heard that other prisoners had received even worse treatment.

Until this press conference the authorities had not permitted any of the nine freed prisoners to give the press more than the most general information about their experiences. Wives of the pilots still in North Vietnam have similarly been discouraged from talking about the letters they receive from prison. The Defense Department's explanation of this muzzling has been that public discussions might dissuade Hanoi from releasing pilots in the future or cause them to retaliate against those remaining in prison.

After the torture-chamber tales of Frishman and Hegdahl, it seems hard to imagine how additional discussion could jeopardize the pilots remaining in North Vietnam, but the day after the press conference, officers of the Pentagon's Public Information Division phoned the seven other released pilots and told them to stay quiet.

Most of the seven followed these instructions and have continued to elude reporters. However, one pilot who was released in August 1968, Maj. Joe V. Carpenter, expressed surprise at the statements made by Frishman and Hegdahl. Although he would not go into any details because of the orders, Carpenter said he had not been tortured in North Vietnam nor had he heard of anyone being tortured. "In general," he stated, "my treatment was good." When asked why the Defense Department would not allow him to speak freely even after the press conference, Carpenter responded, "It's all part of a plan." The question inevitably arises: what plan?

Aside from the issue of the Pentagon's motives, the details given by Frishman and Hegdahl raise some doubts about their broad charge of "torture." The only first-hand examples they mentioned in their prepared statements were (*1*) being placed in solitary confinement in small rat-infested rooms with tin roofs which became inordinately hot; and (*2*) being exposed to mosquitoes which bit their legs until they swelled. These episodes, while certainly unpleasant, are different only in degree from the treatment the United States Army gave the Green Beret officers who are charged in the recent slaying of a Vietnamese counterspy. They were placed in solitary confinement in 5 by 7 foot cells with no toilet facilities and only a bare light bulb inadequate for reading. The Green Beret officers complained that their cells became inordinately hot.

Frishman and Hegdahl supported their charge of torture by giving examples of more serious physical harassment suffered by two other pilots. They said that Navy Lieut. Comdr. Richard A. Stratton, who made a well-publicized confession in March 1967, gave his statement only after having been strung up by his wrists and having his fingernails pulled out.

The confession was delivered through a loud-speaker to a Hanoi press conference at which one American photographer and a Japanese television crew were present. An American voice from behind a curtain gave a long statement about the war. When this was completed Stratton appeared from behind the curtain. He bowed deeply several times and then left without speaking. When the American photographer reported this scene, the United States protested that its pilots were being brainwashed, a charge which Frishman and Hegdahl now endorse.

It is hard to believe that Stratton actually had his fingernails pulled out, however, when none of the many persons who have seen him have reported physical harm. Because of the storm of protests which followed Stratton's "confession," North Vietnam invited many visitors, including Americans, to meet Stratton. Nobody reported seeing any scars or missing fingernails. Pictures taken of Stratton when he appeared from behind the curtain show that his hands were visible to the reporters, none of whom reported any injury. Pictures taken of Stratton in prison later show him to be a bit downcast, but in good health.

The second example offered by Frishman and Hegdahl was Navy Lieut. Comdr. John S. McCain III, son of the American Commander in the Pacific. McCain was injured quite severely when he landed in a lake in the heart of Hanoi after trying to bomb the city's main power plant on October 26, 1967. According to the two returned pilots, McCain has been kept in solitary confinement during most of his captivity. "It's hard enough just being in solitary confinement," Frishman said, "but when you're wounded like John it's harder." Frishman made no complaint that McCain had actually been physically hurt by the North Vietnamese, so it is difficult to understand why this is an example of torture. Furthermore, McCain was not kept in solitary confinemnt during the first six months of his captivity when his injuries were most severe. Air Force Lieut. Col. Norris M. Overly said after his release in February 1968 that he had shared a room with McCain.

There are other reasons for wondering about the charges made by Frishman and Hegdahl:

(*1*) None of the prisoners who had been released earlier complained of unprovoked physical mistreatment. Navy

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Lieut. David P. Matheny, who was freed in February 1968, said that he was beaten on one occasion but only after he had struck a guard. The other pilots, both in the limited public statements they have made and in private discussions with government officials, have uniformly described their treatment as decent. Air Force Maj. Fred N. Thompson, released in August 1968, said that he was obliged to participate in formal interrogation several times, but that the North Vietnamese did not use any threats or pressure during their questioning. When Thompson told his interrogator that a question involved classified matter, the interrogator dropped the subject.

(2) Frishman and Hegdahl gave no hint to the Americans who accompanied them from Hanoi that they had suffered physical mistreatment. Rennie Davis, the leader of the group, said he had long and frank discussions with the men and that they had said nothing about being tortured. Only after the pilots had gone through extensive debriefings did they tell their torture stories.

(3) Hegdahl is a man of limited experience and training who suffered greatly while in North Vietnam, not because of the conditions of prison life but because of his inability to adjust to a situation of confinement. One of the few prisoners who was not shot down while bombing North Vietnam, Hegdahl was captured in the South China Sea after falling off the *U.S.S. Canberra* while it was maneuvering to evade shelling from the North Vietnamese shore. He had grown up in a small town in South Dakota, had enlisted in the Navy at an early age, was only 20 when captured in 1967, and had received none of the conditioning that pilots are given. According to Maj. James F. Low, who had shared a room with Hegdahl for a while before his own release in August 1968, Hegdahl was in a distressed mental state and it was very difficult to live with him. Hegdahl may, therefore, not be the most reliable of commentators on North Vietnam's prisons.

(4) The Pentagon's previous conduct regarding released prisoners has failed to produce a record that inspires trust. After the first group of three pilots was released in February 1968, the Pentagon, with the active assistance of William H. Sullivan, then ambassador to Laos, persuaded the pilots to return to the United States on a military plane, despite the express desire of North Vietnam that the representatives of the U.S. peace movement who had received the prisoners in Hanoi be allowed to accompany them on commercial flights all the way home. (See *The Nation*, April 1, 1968.) No additional prisoners were released until the United States promised to allow them to return on commercial flights. An even more serious breach of the spirit of North Vietnam's releases occurred in the fall of 1968 when the Air Force assigned two of the three pilots freed in August 1968 to teach other pilots to fly and bomb. It costs about $300,000 to train a jet fighter pilot, and the North Vietnamese did not like the thought that they were saving the Pentagon money by releasing future teachers. A member of the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris complained to Averell Harriman in December 1968, and he arranged for the pilots to be assigned to other duties. Because of this incident North Vietnam apparently canceled a release it had scheduled for early 1969. Rennie Davis thinks that, by encouraging Frishman and Hegdahl to make their statements, the Pentagon has discouraged similar gestures by Hanoi in the future.

There are, of course, grounds for criticizing the treatment of American prisoners. North Vietnam refuses to release the names of even the total number of Americans it holds, insisting that this is a state secret which it wishes to retain for bargaining purposes in future negotiations. Partly to keep the number of captive pilots secret, North Vietnam refuses to allow many to write to their relatives. At least 388 and perhaps as many as 800 prisoners are held in North Vietnam. Fewer than 100 have been allowed to write home, and those 100 have written a total of only 600 letters. Also, perhaps, to keep the number secret, many prisoners are held in solitary confinement. This treatment is a clear violation of the requirements of the 1949 Geneva Convention on Prisoners of War (which North Vietnam signed in 1957) and it has had a demoralizing effect on many of the pilots. But until Frishman and Hegdahl spoke, that was all.

However, because the first six pilots who were released had all been in prison for less than eight months, because the prisoners whom Hanoi displayed to reporters tended to be the same ones again and again, and because many of the prisoners have yet to be identified, some U.S. officials devised the "Two Groups" theory. They surmised that North Vietnam treated some prisoners well, so that they would tell the world that the prisons were humane, and so that they could be sent home in good shape when the occasion suited, but that another group was kept in the background and treated badly. The release of Hegdahl after twenty-eight months, and of Frishman after twenty-one months, disrupted this theory, particularly when the two prisoners claimed mistreatment.

Shortly after the Frishman-Hegdahl press conference, some officials at the CIA expanded upon the "Two Groups" idea to suggest that the prisoners may be kept in three separate places. According to this theory, one camp holds those prisoners who cooperate, another those who are unusually difficult, and the third those who are neither cooperative nor difficult. This might explain the difference in treatment reported by the various pilots who have returned, but it poses another question: why would North Vietnam release prisoners who had been tortured?

Another explanation of the difference in treatment was offered by Frishman himself. He said that what he called "torture" may be the doings of jailers who act without the knowledge of North Vietnam's leaders. Frishman stated, as an example, that his conditions improved whenever a North Vietnamese general visited the camp.

North Vietnam's treatment of its prisoners and its method of choosing those it releases may be puzzling, but the behavior of the United States toward those who have been freed is at least as mysterious. After ordering all the released pilots to say nothing, the Pentagon has allowed two of them to tell melodramatic stories, while demanding continuing silence of the others. Before the accounts by Frishman and Hegdahl can be accepted, the other freed prisoners must be allowed to tell their stories.

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THE CENTER AT SANTA BARBARA

ANGUISH ON A HILLTOP

ROBERT H. SOLLEN
Mr. Sollen is a reporter for the Santa Barbara News-Press.

Santa Barbara

The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara is undergoing a change of life. It has some symptoms of menopause—demoralization and depression—but whether this is the end of its productive period is yet to be seen.

Demoralization has been obvious to the Center's friends for some time, but it became clear to the public only recently when it was announced that it had dropped several of its most prominent and active senior fellows. The result has been to reduce the influence of the innovative radical humanist activists in favor of the less radical intellectuals, whose activism expresses itself through existing institutions.

Dr. Robert Hutchins, president of the Center, wants to convert the institution into a world university. He said that its board of directors has agreed that "all limitation resulting from the American background of the Center and from the inclusion in its name of democratic institutions should be removed." Some observers feel that the broader, global approach will make its probe less incisive, but others feel that most contemporary problems cannot be investigated successfully within the limits of American democratic institutions.

"The most pressing problem," as Dr. Hutchins sees it, "is how can we live with science and technology. . . . It seems probable that we are entering a post-industrial age in which the issue is not how to produce or even distribute goods but how to live human lives; not how to strengthen and enrich the nation state but how to make the world a decent habitation for mankind."

Can the new "world university" adequately deal with this problem? "Everything," he said, "seems to turn on whether qualified persons are willing to make the organization their major interest."

In the attempt, the Center invited eleven leading scholars, several of them from abroad, to a one-week conference in July to discuss the reorganization. Some of the outsiders were invited to join the Center as senior fellows. It turned out that few if any were interested in joining as full-fledged fellows, but some have become associates, a new category. Associates are part-time members, despite Hutchins' expressed desire to do away as much as possible with in-and-out participation in the Center program. The new associates are Richard Ernest Bellman, 48, professor of mathematics, engineering and medicine at the University of Southern California; Alex Comfort, 49, British medical biologist and author; Bertrand de Jouvenel, 65, French political economist and author; Paul R. Ehrlich, 37, Stanford University biologist, specializing on an expanding population's pressure on resources; Mircea Eliade, 62, University of Chicago professor of history; Alexander King, 60, director of scientific affairs for the Paris-based Organization for European Cooperation and Development, and Sir Arthur Lewis, 54, Princeton professor of economics.

The Center is often presented in elaborate terms, but essentially it is a lush physical layout in the hills overlooking Santa Barbara, where scholars meet to discuss important social issues. These discussions, in edited form, emerge in booklets and on tapes that enjoy rather wide distribution. It also sponsors national and international conferences on peace, resources and other vital issues.

It often describes itself as unique, and rejects the idea that it is just another think tank or social research center. In some ways it *is* unique, but not in terribly significant ways. It is a think tank, or social research institute, and a number of other institutions do similar work. It is a university without a student body, if you will, a research institute without commercial contracts. As an institution, it is not required to reach conclusions on the problems it studies; it makes little or no binding obligations on its fellows. But if all these characteristics are not found in any other single institution, they are all found in part in other research and educational centers.

The Center, which will celebrate—or at least observe—its tenth anniversary in September, was set up by The Fund for the Republic. It has been for some time the Fund's only activity. The Fund, in turn, was established in 1952 by the Ford Foundation, which granted it a $15 million send-off in the battle for civil liberties during the peak of the great American postwar witch hunt.

The Center is out of financial difficulties for the time being, having just received a $5 million bequest from the estate of the late Chester Carlson who invented Xerox.

But to get to the manifestations of the present crisis: in mid-June, responding to the demands of the press for clarification of rumors that it was reorganizing without the services of some of its leading radicals, the Center issued a statement. It announced "plans for reorganization . . . that will require some changes in program and personnel," but did not say who—if anyone—was dropped. Pressed for this information, the Center said that among the senior fellows leaving were W. H. Ferry, Dr. James A. Pike, former bishop of the California Episcopal diocese; John Seeley and Hallock Hoffman. William Gorman, it was learned later, was also dropped.

Several other senior fellows were kept on in an administrative capacity, not as fellows. They will not take part in the discussions of social concern. Most of the consultants were dropped. The continuation of the program of junior fellows, mostly 20 to 30 year olds, is under discussion.

Reorganization of the Center was debated for more than a year in weekly sessions among senior fellows. More definite guidelines for future conduct of the Center were sought by some members; others agreed in principle with reorganization, but suspected that the plan was a move by Harry Ashmore, executive vice president, to assure his succession when Hutchins, now 70, steps down. Almost

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everyone agreed that a revamping was in order, but the technique was in dispute. Finally, Hutchins agreed on a plan whereby Hutchins would appoint himself first senior fellow, then would appoint one more. These two would appoint another, and from then on a two-thirds vote of those named would be required for further selection.

This meant that the Hutchins-oriented fellows would be most likely to be retained, as they would have the early votes while those not yet selected could not vote. Instead of appointing Ashmore, however, Hutchins appointed Harvey Wheeler, co-author of *Fail Safe* and author of other novels and political commentaries. Wheeler has been described by some insiders as the intellectual successor to Hutchins, and Ashmore as the executive successor. Wheeler and Hutchins then selected Rexford Guy Tugwell, an FDR brain truster, and these three named John Cogley, former religion editor of *The New York Times* and now editor of the *Center Magazine*.

Not until then was Ashmore appointed, and then came John Wilkinson, philosopher and physicist, and Elisabeth Mann Borgese, daughter of novelist Thomas Mann and a scholar of international affairs. She is the only woman among the present senior fellows.

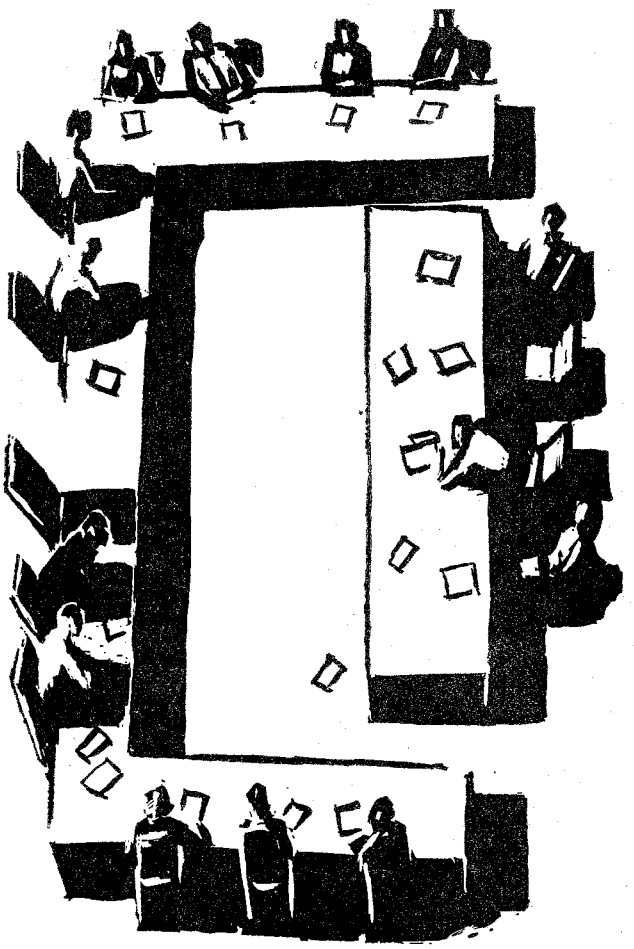
In addition to the five whose resignations were requested, those deprived of their fellow status and offered administrative jobs include Stanley Sheinbaum, twice candidate for Congress and early critic of and expert on the war in Vietnam; Frank K. Kelly, a Center vice president, former newsman and one-time Truman campaign speech writer; Edward Reed, director of publications; and Donald McDonald, managing editor of the *Center Magazine* and former journalism teacher.

Sheinbaum has since been made an associate, in effect a part-time fellow with privileges to participate in the Center dialogue. A visiting fellow and a consultant also were granted associate status.

Many of the senior fellows feel that what happened is far from the answer to the need for rejuvenation. Boredom was settling over an institution that had a reputation for innovation, intellectual excitement and free-wheeling discussion. Hutchins observed that a number of fellows were more interested in activities outside the Center than within it, and he felt that "those who dip in and out of it for a day, or week, or even a month may get little from it and make little contribution to it." It was not clear whether he was referring to senior fellows or consultants, but it was obvious that he wanted senior fellows who would give their major attention to the Center. He would just as soon drop the consultant program, because consultants are not in constant touch with the Center program.

In the recent past, many senior fellows had become bored with the dialogue. Some attended the 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. daily sessions infrequently; others are reported to have written letters during the discussions. One said he could think of a dozen other things he would rather be doing. One frequent observer said that the dialogue often broke down at the critical moment. Just as it appeared that a major point or significant finding was to emerge, the discussion ended in favor of a new topic.

What the reorganization will do to the dialogue will depend on at least two things (probably more). One is the



caliber of the scholars selected to replace the fellows who were dropped, and the other is the willingness of the staff and fellows to listen—to outside criticism of the Center and of society—and not just expound.

Hutchins, Kelly and some others of what has been referred to at the Center as the junta, have protested my attempts as a *Santa Barbara News-Press* reporter to characterize the split in ideological or philosophical terms. They say there are no such divisions at the Center as humanists vs. intellectuals, radicals vs. liberals, activist vs. scholars, etc. Dr. Hutchins told *The Christian Science Monitor* simply: "Some of these people were not recruited with the purpose we now have in view."

But a generalization—which has notable exceptions—can be made about those who have been dropped. They are the activists, the humanists, the involved. W. H. (Ping) Ferry has long spoken out publicly in caustic terms against the war in Vietnam, J. Edgar Hoover, the corporate establishment and other institutions often regarded as sacrosanct. The late Dr. Pike had attacked the conduct of the established church and many of its sacred doctrines, and had been associated to a degree with the new morality. John Seeley, until now dean of the Center fellows, and former chairman of the Department of Sociology at Brandeis University, has been outspoken in defense of student radicals, and has participated in their defense in his community. Hallock Hoffman, a pacifist, participates in draft counseling and speaks out pointedly against cherished in-

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stitutions. Sheinbaum has twice taken leave to run for Congress to reach a broader audience for his plans for basic changes in foreign policy and domestic programs.

On the whole—again with exceptions—those who have not been retained as fellows are the men who have felt that their role was more than intellectualizing about man's fate. They believe there are emotional, psychological, personal factors to consider in addition to the intellectual aspect, in attempting to cope with society's major problems.

Some of the differences came through in the July *Center Magazine* in which writers on both sides of the schism are represented. Ashmore, in an article entitled "Where Have All the Liberals Gone?," defends the liberal who rejects the radicalism of Left and Right, but more important to the Center's present split are his comments indicating disagreement with the more humanistically inclined.

"A new sensibility has been proclaimed," he writes, "in which the rational, insofar as it is admitted at all, is subordinate to the sensory. . . . The senses are important but not ultimate; feeling is a part of learning but only an auxiliary to wisdom. . . ."

In the same issue, Hoffman reviewed Jacques Ellul's book, *Violence: Reflections from a Christian Perspective.* Hoffman says that "Ellul speaks from an intellectual and moral plane that is inhospitable to human beings. . . . As I think back over the structure of his argument, it seems to me M. Ellul is most of all missing in compassion—he seems not to be aware of love as a dynamic force."

Ashmore, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his *Arkansas Gazette* editorials during the 1957 Little Rock integration crisis, is an articulate liberal activist, though probably not generally viewed as an intellectual and surely not as a radical. He worked in the 1964 Johnson campaign against Goldwater, and in the 1968 McCarthy campaign during the California Presidential primary. He has made trips for the Center to Hanoi in which he did extracurricular diplomatic work for the State Department. His book (with the late William C. Baggs), *Mission to Hanoi*, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the nature of American Vietnamese diplomacy and conduct of the war.

His opposition to the war, however, was not especially noticeable until long after such Center personalities as Hoffman, Sheinbaum and Ferry had been publicly denouncing the American involvement. In his gentle but candid manner, Hoffman makes it clear how he feels about the present orientation of the Center:

"It would be easy to speculate about the reasons for these choices (of senior fellows)," Hoffman said, "but I have no basis for doing so. The new senior fellows are a capable and productive group. . . . But I am not distressed not to be among them. I have been struggling for some time to import more emotional and psychological qualities into our Center community. I believe I have lost this struggle. I am pleased that the new fellows are a compatible group. If I had been the only additional one chosen, I would have hesitated to accept the invitation."

Hoffman, along with Ferry, has been an executive at the Center since it was established. Both were instrumental in its founding.

If the Center is having troubles that might have been avoided, its friends must share the blame. Scores of articles on the Center have been written by friendly writers for major magazines and newspapers. Almost invariably, these writers have been profusely laudatory while using phraseology that tends to lend an aura of objectivity or critical examination. During very short visits to the Center, these writers have been charmed by the magnificent physical setting, the amiability of its personnel, the intellectual atmosphere, the scope of its interests and its future plans.

They are disarmed by the facetious self-criticism of Hutchins, which they then quote to project a sense of their own objectivity. Hutchins is fond of phrases like, "the truth about the Center . . . is that it is not a very good Center, but it is the only one there is," or that the Ford Foundation's $15 million contribution to The Fund for the Republic was given in "a fit of absent-mindedness."

No writers to my knowledge reported the gradual deterioration of the validity of the program. Now, however, such periodicals as the underground *Los Angeles Free Press* observes that the new program announced for the Center lacks pertinence: "Where are the studies on how to make the colleges and universities relevant? . . . Where are the studies on how to stop American imperialism? . . . Where are the studies to prevent huge corporations from polluting our environment? Where are the men like John Seeley who was with the people in the streets of Chicago during the Democratic convention? Where are the men like James Pike who had the courage to tell the world that the church is dead? . . . The studies don't exist and the men have been fired."

The programs in progress now—after the revamping—are studies in electoral reform, world order, the constitutionalism of education, revision of the U.S. Constitution, the constitutionalism of science, and the civilization of the dialogue.

Studies dropped were those dealing with the corporation, labor unions, church and state, mass media and voluntary associations. If some of the *Free Press* assertions were overstated, the article did raise relevant issues from the Left where little valid evaluation of the Center had been heard.

The Center, of course, has made a contribution to American thinking on modern problems that were not getting much thought elsewhere. But it was escaping valid criticism and outside evaluation which are necessary to keep any social institution pertinent and current.

Its most severe critics also were of little help. Their assertions were often beside the point. The cry that the Center was a tool of Moscow or whoever the international villain was from time to time, was not worth answering. The allegation that most of its publications have a liberal orientation *is* true, but the Center would not concede this point. It replied that the views expressed in its publications were the author's; the Center was simply offering an opportunity to make a number of viewpoints known.

The Center provided a great service by giving liberal-Left and radical-Left views wide circulation; during the postwar years this was a much needed antidote to the total acceptance enjoyed by outmoded reactionary concepts in the mass media. It appears that the Center, having provided this service, would not or could not take credit for it.

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Although the center boasts of its role as a penetrating critic of the way things are, and says it seeks to promote the freedom of criticism, at times it has lost its cool over public criticism. When nineteen student leaders and former students met at the Center in August 1967, many of them severely criticized the Center and the educational system. The *Santa Barbara News-Press* reported the comments of the radicals, as well as those of the liberals and moderates. The radicals wanted the educational system replaced, not reformed, and told the Center fellows that they were hopelessly out of touch with the student movement.

A *News-Press* editorial criticized the Center for sponsoring a meeting where such comments would be made. Instead of boasting that it was free and brave enough to sponsor such a meeting—whether or not the *News-Press* liked it—the Center took a defensive position and complained of biased *News-Press* reporting. The radicals got a disproportionate amount of attention, said Harry Ashmore in a letter to the editor. But when the Center published its own report of the conference, based on a complete transcript, it indicated that the *News-Press* reporting was accurate and balanced.

The Center also has complained in anguish that the *News-Press* report of the current revamping emphasized the fact that prominent fellows were dropped, and speculated on the reasons why. The Center complained that its press release explaining the new program was subordinated. As the author of the *News-Press* reports on the Center reorganization, I do not resent the Center's taking issue with my news evaluation. It is certainly a legitimate challenge. But the almost traumatic way in which Center officials responded to our doing our own story rather than reprinting the Center's indicated an anxiety that should not be characteristic of a major study center that prides itself on its defense of free give-and-take.

Its sensitivity is also shown by the fact that its discussions are not open to the press and public. Its major conferences also are usually closed. The most frequently cited excuse is that there is not enough room for the public to attend. But there is space for at least some press representatives in the conference room. And big meetings could be held in larger quarters. The Center's friends, which include the *News-Press,* have not goaded them sufficiently on this issue. A January conference of top Japanese and American officials and former officials was closed to the press. Because Harry Ashmore provided extensive briefings, and because conferees were available for interviews between sessions, the Center implied that it was not *really* a closed conference. This is stretching a point rather perilously, especially for a Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

The Center has made a significant intellectual contribution to the nation and to the community of Santa Barbara. It was much needed, and the need will continue. Whether the "new" Center will be up to the challenge is yet to be seen. It will have to be young in its thinking, audacious in its approach, humanistic in its feeling, honestly receptive to criticism, as well as scholarly in its research. It must, I think, reverse what appears to be a trend.

TV COMES TO ISRAEL

HERBERT KROSNEY

Mr. Krosney, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is based in Jerusalem as head of documentaries for Israel Television. A former producer with National Educational Television, he is also the author of* Beyond Welfare: Poverty in the Supercity *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

Jerusalem

The second most popular topic of conversation in Israel these days is the state of its television. Within a year, the skyline of Jerusalem has been transformed: giant antennas top the myriad apartment buildings. Down in the Plains of Sharon, and especially in the coastal city of Tel Aviv, similar antennas poke up squalidly from almost every building—giving the city the incongruous air of a Long Island suburb. Antennas also stick up out of the brownstone apartment buildings of Ramallah, the rich Arab suburb ten minutes to the north of Jerusalem. Television has come to the Holy Land.

It is not yet full-time television. At the moment, and in the foreseeable future, television will be broadcasting four nights a week, about four hours a night. At least three of those hours are in Hebrew or with Hebrew language subtitles. The first hour, from 6 to 7 is in Arabic. Despite strong religious opposition, the Cabinet has authorized TV on the Sabbath, thus following the precedent set by Kol Israel, the state radio. It can be expected that the introduction of television on Friday nights will be a significant step away from whatever theocratic nature the Israeli society still retains.

Television began in Israel as one of the most hopeful broadcasting experiments in recent history. The Israelis, it was argued, were tired of being used as the target for Arab lies and Arab hate. They wanted a television that would tell Arabs the truth and spur the processes of dialogue that would bring accord to this embattled region. When one recalls the broadcast pictures of Nasser exhorting the Cairo crowds as they chanted "Death to the Jews" —pictures picked up in Tel Aviv as well as Damascus— it is not hard to understand that a counterbalance could be well worth an Israeli investment.

The Knesset passed a bill after the war authorizing the establishment of a "temporary" television authority under the Prime Minister's office, and directed that it get on the air as quickly as possible. Previously, old-timers— Ben Gurion and a number of others—had argued that television would hinder the building of the country. It would tend to introduce a mass culture which would diminish the uniqueness of the Israeli experiment. They reasoned further that television was harmful to children,

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and, fearing the American example, thought it would induce a preoccupation with violence. They were able to prevent its introduction.

The Six Day War gave TV its life. It was assumed that all Arabs in the West Bank and Jordan had access to sets. In Israel the relatively rich Arab kept in touch with his cousins across the border through television. In a population of more than 300,000, there were close to 10,000 sets, with high-power antennas receiving from Beirut, Cyprus, Damascus, Amman and sometimes Cairo. Israelis had another 25,000 sets, tuning in to watch *I Love Lucy*, children's cartoons or other English-language shows which emanated from the Arab countries.

Research later revealed—after the initial investment in television had been made—that the West Bank had only 5,000 sets, but this figure needs some interpretation. The study showed that the sets were concentrated among the elite and in the coffeehouses. The audience was important, and far greater than 5,000—if those who watched could be persuaded to turn to Channel 8, Israel Television. But it was still not great, and the potential Arab viewing audience had to include Amman, Damascus, Beirut and Cairo, as well as Nazareth and Nablus.

The purpose of broadcasting in Arabic was, I think, twofold. (I say "I think" because, to my knowledge, the policy of the Israeli Arabic service was never thoroughly defined beyond the broad statement that "it won't be propaganda.") In the first place, a truthful and dependable Arabic news service had to be founded. In the years before the war, the Israeli radio service had built up a large audience in the West Bank and the contiguous Arab countries, as well as in the Arab community inside Israel. My friend Elias, a hotel manager in east Jerusalem, told me he turned to Kol Israel in pre-June 1967 days simply to get the facts. "We Arabs have a tendency to talk a little too much and not to tell the truth all the time—and sometimes not even to realize we're not telling the truth. I always listened to Kol Israel to balance the facts out."

It has been said that Arabs are not a conspicuously literate people; that they tend to believe the evidence of their eyes far more than what they read or hear. Television was to be a weapon against the possible self-infatuation of Arab rhetoric, and at the least an additional tool for truthful news.

The second purpose of the Arabic television service was never defined. However, in my view, it was to lay the bases for dialogue on a human as well as political level. No one here in the Middle East really wants a society in which "integration" and thus homogeneity predominates. No one expects Arabs to become Jews, or vice versa. But one can hope that Arabs will participate openly in dialogue with Jews: to feel, through the media of television and other communications, that they and the Jews are not aliens but cousins in the same land and the same region of the world. The appearance of the two peoples jointly on television might be taken as a sign that they can live together peacefully in the Middle East.

My own hopes were totally idealistic, but based on a good deal of thought about the potential of television as a political instrumentality. I subscribed entirely to Israel Television's bridge-building purposes. I knew that, having been exposed to a distorted view for twenty years, Arabs would have to be "shown" Israel as it is. I granted that at times television must talk "to" and not "with," but I thought the "with" more important. I thought television could reach out to engage people and even nations in dialogue.

Most radically, I felt there would have to be a stress not on confrontation but on participation. I would open the doors wide to the infinite breadth of Arab opinion, and let it be spoken by Arabs. I would do a series of programs on Muslim-Jewish relations, searching for the common points from which talk could begin. I would even give a young Fatah member or sympathizer a camera and a crew and let him express his view of the world. And I would broadcast it. The reasons—and I am thinking from the standpoint of Israel—are obvious. When the key issue for the Arabs remains Israel's right to its very existence, every time Jews and Arabs sit down to talk with each other, or use the medium of the Israeli state to express their opinion—even if that opinion is counter to the existence of the state—a step has been taken forward to dialogue. Thus I wanted the television to become an aggressive *participant* in Arab affairs. I didn't want it to fall into the rut of most of Israel's traditional information approach to the Arabs. Israel has the position of strength; it should use it. Television needn't repeat yesterday's warning by any of a dozen Israeli generals or politicians. Instead, television has another, more important function: to help prepare the bases for dialogue.

But the Arabic television service was in trouble before it started. Its first problem was manpower. Despite all the ballyhoo, good personnel still remains in limited supply. The Six Day War had created tremendous demand for Arabic-speaking staff in the army, in a new newspaper enterprise, in a half dozen areas where previously the Arabic language had not been needed. The Arabic service on Kol Israel was the most likely source of skilled journalists, but it refused to release its best men to television. This unwillingness to cooperate was part of a wider battle over the future structure of television. For a limited time, it had been understood, there was to be a "Temporary Television Authority" operating under the Prime Minister's office; then—it was originally conceived—the facility would graduate into some form of autonomy. This structure worked to the disadvantage of Kol Israel, which had, perhaps justifiably, expected television to be part of its operation. It had, in fact, sent a number of its people overseas for TV training. It had promised some of them prominent places in the new venture, and now could not fulfill these pledges. Therefore, it was not going to drain its own staff to help a television service of which—as radio stations almost always do in the beginning—it stood in mortal fear.

The Arabic television news service started with three professional journalists under a warmhearted Iraqi Jew named Shlomo Imbari. The Arabic feature programming was also headed by an Iraqi Jew, Salim Fattal. Neither could find professional personnel. Considerable searching of Arab communities in Israel produced innumerable applications but few results: the candidates most often lacked a solid high school education, much less a university

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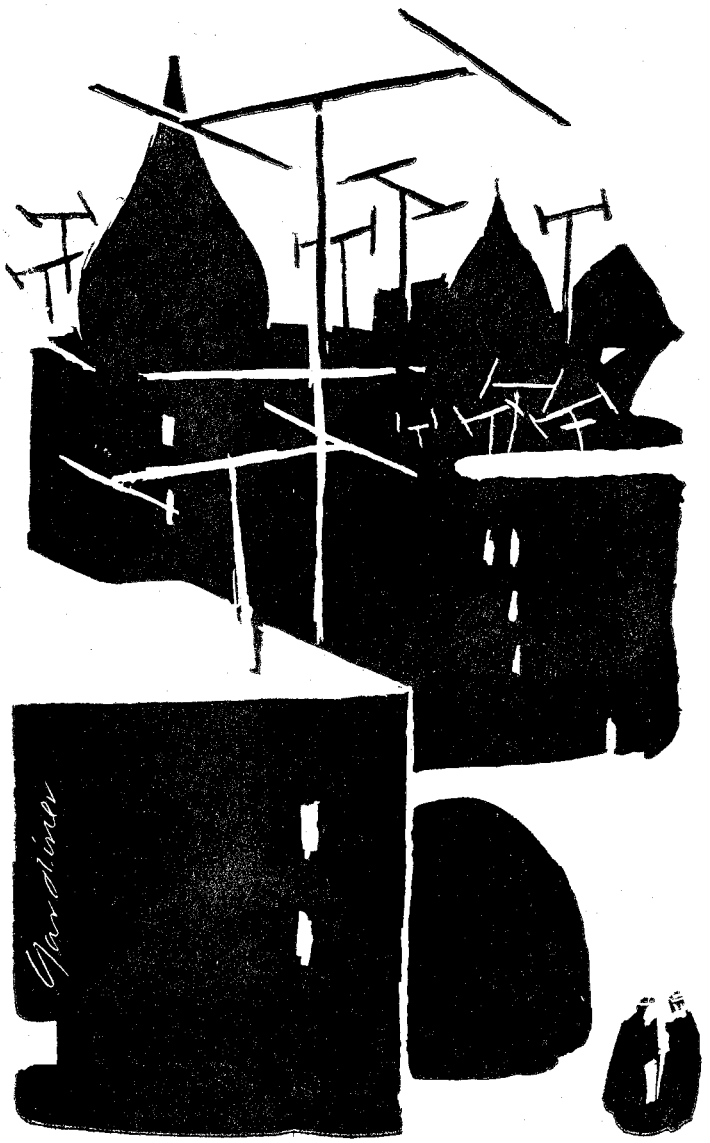
degree. Any Arab Israeli with the barest pretensions to a suitable education was eagerly grabbed up. There were even negotiations and experimentation with an experienced former broadcaster for Radio Amman who wanted to remain in Jerusalem. However, the security service disqualified him after he had been given an initial clearance and had been working a month.

The shortage, incidentally, was not reflected in the on-screen personalities chosen by Arabic news and the Arabic programs generally. Arabic news picked a Huntley-Brinkley combination. A chic blonde named Gloria Stewart, born and raised in Jericho, daughter of a British officer, was the star; a handsome and articulate Druze from the north of Israel, Said Kassem, fluent in Hebrew and English as well as Arabic, provided a sober punch. These two combined to give Arabic news a professional glamour, but the shortage of actual journalistic and producing talent kept eroding the qualities and possibilities of the service.

Almost as important as the manpower shortage was the internal politics. It amazed me, a newcomer to Israel, to see how tenaciously people fought for place and power—but not for money. To most Israelis money is only a means to live; power and prestige—and to a certain extent, a belief in one's purpose—are truly important.



A most important conflict lay in the fight for an integrated newsroom operation. Rivalry developed immediately between the Arabic and Hebrew TV operations. There could be no agreement on a joint assignment editor or on his powers. The director of television, Prof. Elihu Katz, a sociologist from Hebrew University with good ideas and good will but no previous broadcasting or Israeli political experience, did not see fit to give his chief news adviser, Tony Hatch (formerly producer of the WCBS-TV six o'clock news in New York) the power to get a joint operation functioning. Yet the television's C.B.S. consultants Hatch, Stuart Hood, formerly programming head of B.B.C., and to a lesser extent myself, had spent days working out a plan whereby a joint newsroom would work. And it seemed to us that in a small country with theoretically limited resources it was financial folly to set up two autonomous newsrooms.

Eventually, the rivalry developed to the point that two camera teams and reporters were often sent out to cover the same story. There were disputes over the footage coming in from the overseas news agencies—who would have the right to use it first, who would edit it first. Hatch came to believe that everything "Arab," or associated with Arabs (even if they were Jews speaking Arabic), was stamped second-class by the *sabra* Israelis. I saw it as less a stamp than a rivalry between two news outfits fighting with limited resources for different purposes and audiences.

Shlomo Aronson, the erudite and highly capable Hebrew news director, was blunt. He told me: "This is Israel Television. I don't care if the Arabic service goes on seven minutes a night. Our public cares about Hebrew news, not about Arabs. You'll see.

"You know what that Arab show will be? It's propaganda, nothing more or less. It can't be anything else. I'm interested in journalism. In my own, our language, the Hebrew language."

Although he was replaced because of the obstreperousness with which he expressed his views, his successor, Yorem Ronnen, pursued the same policies in a quieter way.

The conflict between Aronson and myself became more bitter because of a second aspect of essentially the same problem. The Documentary unit, of which I was head, was designed at this initial stage of television to feed features to both the Arabic and Hebrew programs—we were to tape features which could be used for both sections. I thought that a program, for example, on the problems of the kibbutzniks under fire in the Bet Shean Valley on the banks of the Jordan could be used for Arabic and Hebrew audiences. In fact, I was certain that such common usage, even on the same night, helped establish our credibility with the Arab audience. Aronson disagreed violently. He denounced the unit because it denied him autonomy over his operations; and he criticized Katz for giving a foreigner such extensive programming power. "It's not you. It's what the unit represents," he said once. "This is an Israel Television—for Israelis."

It was a question of priorities. And the priority of

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Arabic programming, or even a fifty-fifty relationship between Arabic and Hebrew—could simply not be established even internally in television.

Another understandable kind of pressure urged the TV producers and directors to work in Hebrew rather than Arabic. This was created by the public and the press. The chief gauge of quality in a nonprofit broadcasting situation is most often newspaper reviews. The newspaper stories and reviews concentrated almost exclusively on Hebrew-language programs, so it seemed to producers that in order to get public attention and notice —and eventually to assure oneself of a job—it was necessary to work in Hebrew. Any producer or director prefers to work in a language he understands; he also wants to address himself to the audience he considers most important. No influence operated inside television to reassure staff workers that the Arab audience was at least as important as the Jewish. A proposal to send directors and producers to Arabic-language classes was ignored. Staff members had no incentive to work in Arabic.

Yet the first year of television proved that these same producers and directors could work in Arabic and do good programs, given the proper encouragement. A series of religious films on Muslim holidays produced by members of the Documentary Department were actually *better* than similar fare produced in Amman, Damascus and Cairo. Other films showing the society of Israel—one on social security and how it operated, another on children growing up in a kibbutz—demonstrated that film was a third, a visual language, with a potential effectiveness to be judged not alone by its commentary but by its overall quality and emotional impact at nonverbal levels.

But perhaps the most important and interesting reason for the downgrading of Arabic-language television in Israel was the mentality of the people in control—and the lack of encouragement given them to broaden that mentality. Most Israeli broadcasting in Arabic is in the hands of Jews born in Arab countries. They tend to be more conservative in their views of the Arab population than most native *sabras*. They see Arabs as feudal, backward, totally responsive to concepts of "honor," and generally implacable in their attitudes toward Israel. Thus they think that the only way to persuade the Arabs to accept Israel is to force on them a recognition of Israel's power.

I do not agree with this view. At best, the Arab broadcasters are inclined to talk "to" rather than "with" their audience. In Israel Television all the experienced Arabic journalists were originally from Iraq. The news director was a capable and likable man who, because of the rivalries in the television and the manpower weakness of his department, was caught in an untenable situation. He had little chance to consider the potential of television and fell into the rut of traditional propagandistic broadcasting. Iraqi Jews are by and large sensitive and well-educated persons, but I don't think they are going to solve the problems of the Middle East. There are too many scores to settle, too much bitter history has flowed in a region where memories can be as long as 2,000 years. (I am not sure that starry-eyed American Jews will solve the problems of the Middle East, either. As Iraqi Jews tend to emphasize the personal tragedies and suffering of the last twenty years, so American Jews may not be properly aware of the blood that has already been spilled.)

One of the Arabic reporters was a converted (to Judaism) Palestinian Arab, who had previously been a top criminal investigator for the income tax bureau and before that, was reportedly with Shin Bet, the Israel Secret Service. His view of Arabs was even more extreme than that of the Iraqis. He tended to get into ideological arguments with the West Bank Arabs he interviewed, always trying to outsmart them on camera. He was usually successful but I doubt that he was effective; a softer approach would have been more persuasive on the screen. Yet his understanding of Arab psychology, even that of a raging street crowd, was intimate. One day a mob of refugee youngsters marched down the streets of Ramallah screaming "Palestine is Arab," "Nasser," and "El Fatah." As they approached the car where a defenseless Israeli camera crew was attempting to work (claiming they were American journalists, not Israelis) he announced determinedly, "we'll see about this." Jumping out of the car, he denounced the youngsters in perfect Palestinian Arabic: "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? What would your mothers and fathers say of you? Get back to your homes and get your books and do your school work. Don't you want to make something of your lives?" The refugee youngsters looked at one another rather shamefacedly and immediately dispersed.

It was hard for me, new to the region, to tell such a man that he didn't understand how to talk to Arabs, whether on the screen or face to face. He was convinced that only strength and shows of strength would prevail in his part of the world.

There were some initial successes. One day Answar Nosseiba, formerly Defense Minister for the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and once its ambassador to Great Britain, came to the studio to debate Moshe Shapiro, Israel's Minister of Justice, on the absentee property law in Jerusalem. Under this law Israel now holds "abandoned" Arab property (Israel never confiscated this land, but holds it in escrow, renting it to individuals, in the hope that it will be used as part of the final peace negotiations). Nosseiba argued well, as did Shapiro. The program got an amazingly good press in Beirut, and evoked generally favorable Arab reaction.

Even earlier, before we were ready to put programs on the air, I took a group of news trainees to nearby Bethlehem to visit a man named Sellim, who had also been a Jordanian minister. Sellim had been speaking extensively to Israeli students at the various universities. He held that if Jordan did not negotiate with Israel then the Palestinian Arabs remaining on the West Bank might have to negotiate for themselves—but "Tel Aviv must show the initiative."

We searched the narrow alleyways of Bethlehem for him (Arab towns do not have street numbers), finally finding his office on a main thoroughfare several hundred yards from Rachel's Tomb. He had no hesitancy in consenting to the interview. He told us off camera after the interview that the previous night he had been stopped on the way home from Hebrew University. He did not have his identity papers with him, and had been detained in a

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police station for two hours pending identification. He was shocked by this because he was no more than five minutes' drive from his home ("my home," he emphasized) when he was stopped. "When will the Arab misery cease?" he asked. Meanwhile his son was serving us—six Israelis and their American adviser—good Turkish coffee and tea. An atmosphere of civility prevailed. He evidently wanted to get his case across to the Israeli public.

Shlomo Imbary, the head of the Arabic news section, commented: "It's good just that they see Israel Television seeking them out for their opinions. It's a psychological point. A new psychology begins to develop."

But the first initiative was not properly exploited. I cannot say it was entirely our fault at Israel Television; the terrorist organizations, who threatened anyone cooperating with Israel Television, had something to do with it. As the incidents began to build up in the late fall of 1968, and there was evidence of growing unrest on the West Bank, Arab willingness to cooperate with Israel Television markedly declined. But I think better planning —and more trained professional journalists—could have helped Israel seize the psychological initiative from the Arabs. Too many of the news shows directed toward the Arabs displayed the most recently captured Fatah prisoner acknowledging his guilt in joining El Fatah and the folly of attempting to penetrate the lines of the Israeli defense forces.

A conservative, directive-oriented mentality often dominated the approach to information. We did one story on a marvelous Israeli-financed project for Arab refugees in a vast and now nearly empty refugee camp on the outskirts of Jericho. A group of ten Arabs remaining in the camp banded together into a farm cooperative for the raising of chickens. The Israeli Ministry of Agriculture immediately gave them technical advice; provided a grain expert to help them with the most modern and efficient methods of feeding; arranged a low-cost loan for the development of the farm and the installation of running water directly into the chicken sheds. The story described the empty refugee camp rather poetically, dwelt briefly on the poverty, showed the farm and what was being done, and then showed the Arab owners and the Jewish officials negotiating as equals on the terms of their arrangement.

The story was not used by Israel Television. In the judgment of the particular editor for that day (a judgment shared, incidentally, by the military government of the West Bank), it was against policy to acknowledge the poverty of the Arab refugees still living in Israel-controlled territory or to show the emptiness of the camp.

On another occasion, we showed Palestinian refugees parading in the streets of Beirut with a coffin raised above their heads, shouting revenge on Israel for the death of one of their martyred heroes. Our comment over the footage was that the Palestinian leadership was forced to a glorification of death; that death, not life, was the symbol of Fatah's misguided leadership. We then related the scene to Premier Karameh of Lebanon making a speech to the Palestinians encouraging them, while we in our commentary deplored the lack of courage in the leadership of the Arab states. The "politically astute" judgment was that we should not broadcast any sequence on the Lebanese in fear of embarrassing them. A week or so later the Israeli Government embarrassed them considerably by blowing up thirteen planes at the Beirut airport.

Perhaps the most interesting television program in the area of Arab-Jewish relations is one called *Two Sides of the Barricades,* which has not been shown at this writing.

It concerns two families—one Jewish, one Arab—both of whom lost two children in the 1948 war. The families are roughly typical of their nations, although each has suffered more than the ordinary family. Life in each family is rather sterile. The Arabs live in a refugee camp near Ramallah; they came originally from a village near the once Arab city of Ramle. They lost their children while fleeing from the front lines in 1948. The Jewish family came originally from Russia and live in Haifa. They have never recovered from the loss of their two sons within the space of one month in the spring of 1948. Yet both families are "moderate." The Jewish family has no basic hatred of Arabs, shows a continued devotion to the cause of the state, and longs for a secure peace. The Arab family recalls some good associations with Jews in pre-1948 days, believes the Jewish state has no right to exist on the "bones of the Arabs," resents and rejects Jewish rights to immigration, but hopes that Jews and Arabs can live together on some basis.

By its honest exposition of both viewpoints, the film leaves one with the feeling that there is something to talk about, and that dialogue on a human, if not a national, level can and must begin. The new director of television has made a bold but tentative decision to broadcast it after the fall election. It will be interesting to see if he runs into difficulties with his overseers.

It is difficult to gauge such intangibles as "trust" or "respect." How can one know what a $6-million investment in communications means? It is much easier to assess the results of a similar investment in planes or tanks.

And the attitude of the public also carries weight. The Israeli viewer, very simply, wants a television for himself. He has had to pay a high luxury tax on his set. (The cost to him is usually about $400—more than one month's salary for many people. There is, in addition, a yearly licensing fee of about $30. For the moment the budget of Israel Television comes out of general taxpayer funds.) The owner wants his money's worth. He wants the news and sometimes a good documentary; also entertainment programs for himself or his children. He feels it's his television; why should he surrender time to the Arabs?

A change of television administration came in March, following the resignation of Professor Katz. The new leadership of both radio and television, under the overall direction of Shmuel Almog, former head of radio, confirmed TV in its already apparent direction as "an Israeli Television for Israelis." (The new director of television, Haggai Pinsker, also a radio man, seems an especially promising choice, but the extent of political experimentation he can undertake will probably be limited. In sum, Israel Television became a "normal" television, with all the political, administrative and programming implications of normalcy. The era of political experimentation by television had finished before it ever really started.

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CIVIL RIGHTS, THE NIXON FIDDLE

BARNEY SELLERS

Mr. Sellers has just completed a yearlong study of federal civil rights enforcement for the A. Philip Randolph Institute; he was formerly special assistant to the director of the Office for Civil Rights in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Because school desegregation has traditionally been the main area of government civil rights activity, the Johnson administration is generally credited with at least effecting more change than had come about before. The ex-President's deliberate decision to absorb the political consequences of pushing Southern school desegregation was certainly unprecedented and stands in his favor. Though the Johnson White House gave no active leadership to the score of federal agencies whose civil rights responsibilities occur in a variety of contexts, it did not as a rule block action initiated by the separate departments, and its intent to advance social justice in this area was not doubted. But now the Nixon Administration, through a series of confusing steps, has raised again the question of intent. It is dangerous even to ask such a fundamental question; it only supports the argument of those who claim the system is unable to accommodate peaceful change.

One of the first indications of confused enforcement started not in education but in employment, where the government demands fair hiring on the part of its 225,000 contractors. Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard decided shortly after coming into office that a yearlong Johnson administration discrimination case against a group of textile mills, which he found on his desk, could best be resolved through personal agreement between himself and mill executives. This produced an immediate $14 million in contracts for the mills. Transportation Secretary John Volpe changed, and in some respects seriously weakened, the equal hiring rules covering the highway construction industry. In March 1969, Sen. Edward Kennedy's subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure held hearings to investigate the nature of these two civil rights enforcement decisions, and demonstrated that both had been made without consulting civil rights groups. Secretary Volpe soon approached such groups to smooth over differences and improve the department's program. In Defense, Mr. Packard eventually agreed to ask the mills for written plans to end discrimination.

The Department of Labor, which oversees the entire government contract compliance program, has shown some disposition to take a strong stand for enforcement, but as yet little has been accomplished in fact. The President attended the West Coast swearing-in of the program's director and promised firm enforcement. The department announced that it would reinstitute abandoned plans to set target goals in construction hiring, and moved to improve management of the program by cutting, from twenty-six to thirteen, the number of federal agencies involved in overseeing contractors. And though no final enforcement actions have yet been taken against any contractor (this record stands unbroken for more than twenty-five years), an award to one defense contractor, the Hayes International Corporation, was at least delayed until the firm agreed to government hiring demands. Finally, some attempt is being made to define "affirmative action"—an amorphous term for serious moves made by the suppliers to overcome hiring inadequacies, which in the past has produced repeated hassles within and outside federal agencies.

In the Department of Housing and Urban Development, rhetoric has raced far ahead of meaningful action. Secretary George Romney, perhaps sticking to his promise of not holding out what he cannot deliver, has not delivered much. Though federal fair-housing officials have promised a more vigorous prosecution of individual complaints under the 1968 open housing law, the department has not taken advantage of the much more important, yet less widely appreciated, powers in the law which require HUD and other departments to act "in a manner affirmatively to further" the purposes of the act. With more than $11 billion in federal aid now flowing to urban areas, this broad mandate, the first Congressional approval of governmental initiative in civil rights matters, could significantly affect the administration of such programs as model cities, community planning and community facilities. The language also affects the independent banking regulatory agencies which control the financing of housing. To date, however, HUD's initiative has been frustrated by bureaucratic infighting.

Contradictions are also apparent within the Agriculture Department. In 1965, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights issued a devastating public report exposing widespread discrimination in farm programs. In October 1968, the commission's staff conducted a less intensive, but still critical survey of the department's fair treatment activities; its findings prompted the outgoing Secretary, Orville Freeman, to add $250,000 for civil rights to his 1970 budget. When the new Administration took office, it deleted these funds, but in an unusual gesture the Bureau of the Budget suggested that Agriculture reconsider the decision. While the issue was pending, certain Department of Agriculture bureaus—most notably, the Federal Extension Service—tried to weaken the department's civil rights program even further. In the midst of this dispute, the new Attorney General wrote the department, referring to the commission's findings, and declaring that no "meaningful action . . . has been taken to correct the situation." The Justice Department letter became public and was of great help to a liberal group in the House which managed to return the $250,000 to the Agriculture appropriations bill. As of now, Agriculture's principal activities in the area have been a civil rights training program and a review of its enforcement program. It has yet to take action against any of its major program recipients who discriminate.

In the matter of employment by federal agencies themselves, the President has again professed a personal desire for improvement (this solicitude has become something of a tradition among recent Chief Executives). He has

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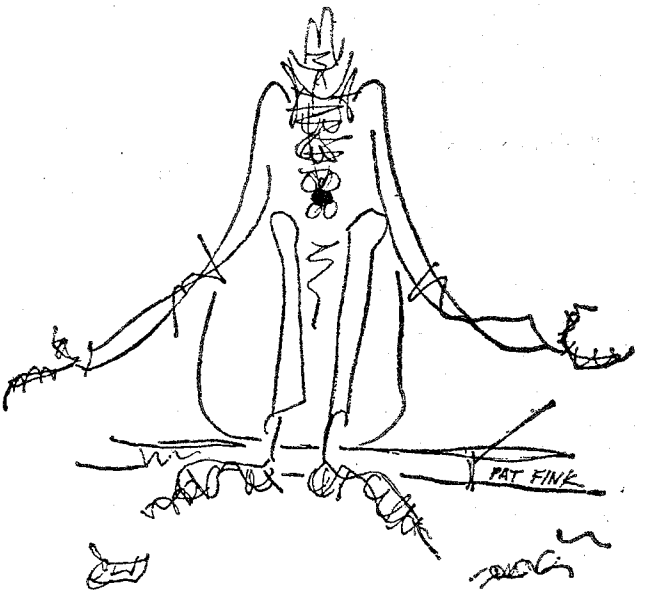
issued a new order covering the government's 2.6 million employees (about 20 per cent nonwhite) which, though it recites agency requirements more specifically than did previous directives, still leaves the government's own standards far lower than those for private employers and unions. Improvement within government agencies will not be easy for the new Administration, however good its intentions. Though nonwhite employment in federal agencies has traditionally been relatively high, it has been restricted almost entirely to the lower grades. In HUD, for example, of 530 top policy jobs, fewer than forty are filled by blacks and Mexican-Americans. In the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which by statute gives preference to American Indians, 99 per cent of upper-level jobs are held by whites. For the Nixon Administration, which has had little success in attracting blacks and browns to its service, this problem will be particularly difficult.

The worst confusion, however, has come in the school desegregation program. Federal pressure for school integration, based upon prohibitions against the discriminatory use of federal aid (Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act) and positive litigation (Title IV), has caused increased public resistance, especially in the South and primarily because the Johnson administration had set this school year as the target date for total desegregation. In addition, the Democrats, eventually backed by the Supreme Court in *Green* v. *New Kent County,* insisted that "desegregation" meant positive local efforts to end all vestiges of racially separate school systems, and not simply the opening of previously closed white school doors, or so-called freedom of choice. During the 1968 campaign, when the mounting school battle was an issue, Mr. Nixon promised the South relief from federal coercion. The present confusion occurs because he is in the midst of deciding how to keep that promise.

Nine days after the new Administration took office, HEW Secretary Finch announced that for five local school districts impending federal aid terminations would be delayed, to give the districts time to develop desegregation plans (the Johnson people had already given them between one and three years). Finch's action, though subsequently excused as an interim, exceptional move, started a debate about whether the Administration intended to change existing school policies. In early March, Finch hinted that some change would come, but also indicated his desire that desegregation should continue. Later in the month, he met with both civil rights leaders and liberal Republican Senators and promised that no modifications were in store. Nevertheless, a series of internal battles began in the department over the nature and extent of changes in school policies, with the strongest argument for continued enforcement coming from Leon Panetta, the new young director of HEW's integration program. On July 3, change finally came in the form of a joint statement from Secretary Finch and Attorney General Mitchell. The statement itself was a masterpiece of double talk, rhetorically supporting desegregation, but clearly threatening its future. The September 1969 target date for complete desegregation was dropped in favor of a more flexible approach which would recognize that "in some districts there may be sound reasons for some limited delay." No other date was substituted; no mention was made of action that would be taken against districts that reneged on their promises to desegregate; no explanation was made about what would happen to districts whose plans were already accepted, or who were already subject to enforcement action. (In questioning which followed, HEW officials gave assurance that such loopholes were not real.) The statement promised more vigorous action against segregation outside the South, renewed emphasis on technical assistance to desegregating school districts and, most important, heavy reliance upon judicial enforcement, which has proved invariably to be slower than administrative action.



"Maybe He's Carryin' on Secret Talks With Us *Too"*

In reaction to the outpouring of liberal criticism which followed, the White House emphasized that it was "unequivocably committed" to ending educational discrimination, and within a week the Justice Department filed six school desegregation suits, including one against the state of Georgia. While this court action was getting under way, the House was considering an anti-civil rights amendment to the HEW appropriations bill—almost identical to one that had been defeated a year earlier—which would have legalized freedom of choice desegregation plans and thus guaranteed the re-segregation of hundreds of local districts. During the legislative fight, Secretary Finch failed to say a word about this amendment, though it would cripple his desegregation program; Republican House leader Gerald Ford worked actively to secure its passage. It passed the House and is scheduled for consideration by the Senate in late October.

Late in August, the Justice Department announced suits against districts that refused to live up to desegregation promises, but Secretary Finch then asked the federal courts to delay HEW-encouraged desegregation in thirty-three Mississippi school districts because "I am gravely concerned that the time allowed for the development of these plans has been much too short . . . to develop terminal plans which can be implemented this year." The NAACP Legal Defense Fund, a party to the school cases, asked the court to name the United States as a defendant,

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and in September the fund issued a blast at the Administration for fostering "a deliberate policy of confusion." In addition, Justice Department civil rights attorneys have protested en masse to their superiors against the Administration's moves—an extraordinary occurrence in that conservative agency. Finally, Father Theodore Hesburgh, personally selected by President Nixon to be chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, publicly criticized the government for its "retreat" on school desegregation. The Administration replied that greater progress had been made this year than ever before.

It is evident that from the outset the Nixon Administration has created confusion where, after years of legal battles, the basic victories had been won. The law clearly requires local districts to end the racial separatism they created. Emphasizing this early in September, Justice Hugo Black said:

> There is no longer the slightest excuse, reason, or justification for further postponement of the time when every public school system in the United States will be a unitary one, receiving and teaching students without discrimination on the basis of their race or color. . . . In my opinion there is no reason why such a wholesale deprivation of constitutional rights should be tolerated another minute.

But the Administration demonstrated its capacity for just such tolerance by implying in its July statement ("there may be sound reasons for some limited delay") that exceptions will now be a part of public policy. This tolerance, defended at the time as applying to "only a handful of districts," has been widely used.

The Mississippi request for delay came as a result of personal intervention by Secretary Finch at the instance of Sen. John Stennis (D., Miss.). The thirty-three districts in question still send, on the average, 95 per cent of their black students to segregated schools. One of them is Neshoba County, site of the Cheney-Schwerner-Goodman murder, which to this day has maintained total segregation through the efforts of its school attorney (he defended one of the accused murderers) and federal Judge Harold Cox, who granted the Finch request for delay.

More alarming than this single HEW instance, however, is the Justice Department's policy of softening the court approach to laggard school districts. In Louisiana, for example, where thirty-seven districts are in court, HEW officials appear as witnesses to support immediate desegregation, while Justice attorneys retire to court chambers and settle for delay. Furthermore, in Florida and Georgia the Justice Department is refusing to appeal cases unless the proposed desegregation dates are delayed beyond September 1970. Finally, any routine reliance on desegregation by court action will slow the tempo of change: in the past Justice Department court cases have proceeded half as fast as HEW administrative desegregation.

It would be unfair, and it may prove inaccurate, to dismiss the good intentions of the Nixon Administration in the matter of civil rights. There is, if only for party reasons, a likelihood that the new Administration will attack union discrimination more vigorously than did the Democrats, and there is some hope that a recent White House review of government-wide civil rights problems indicates a stiffening of purpose. But determination is only too likely to falter when confronted by the increased public resistance to change—which in turn has been encouraged by the Administration's vacillation.

NOT IN SERVICE

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MA BELL

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

Mr. Goulden, a Washington journalist, is the author of Monopoly, *a critical study of AT&T (Putnam's) and of* Truth Is the First Casualty, *on the Tonkin Gulf incidents, to be published by Rand McNally in October.*

The Bell Telephone System is attempting to brighten its image this fall through lavish spreading of paint. No longer will phone company trucks wear the drab green that makes them look like strays from an army convoy or prison farm. Blue and yellow stripes are accentuating the new two-tone vehicle motif (white on top, gray-green on bottom). Also a new, crisper "logotype" will replace the bell symbol that has adorned company property since the Bell Telephone monopoly was assembled in the 1890s. AT&T internal publications suggest that workers stop calling their employer "Ma Bell"—that the term "Miss Bell" sounds friendlier, and encourages the public to think of the phone company as a young swinger rather than a frumpy old dame peeling potatoes in the kitchen.

The Fundamentalist preachers who bedeviled my Southern youth often shouted (in trying to terrorize girls who had succumbed to the evils of lipstick and rouge) that "a little paint covers a lot of dirt, both in a house and in a woman." So be it with Ma Bell—but much more than two-tone trucks and a jazzy emblem are needed to conceal that the American Telephone & Telegraph is suffering a massive collapse of service and customer relations.

This is truly the year when three-quarters of a century of monopoly has caught up with AT&T. Telephone horror stories are sweeping the land and are being told even in such dignified places as *The Wall Street Journal,* which isn't exactly anti-capitalist. The *Journal* does, however, have a keenly personal interest in phone service: its offices are in Wall Street, the very eye of telephony's disaster area, where as many as 10 per cent of long distance calls don't go through on the first dialing, according to New York Public Service Commission data; and where staid law firms are suing New York Telephone

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Company on the ground that its service is "inadequate, uncertain, irresponsible and untimely."

Unable to gain relief from the utility commissions, discontented customers are turning to that ultimate weapon of citizen protest, the full-page advertisement in *The New York Times*. When hit by such heavy artillery, the phone company occasionally listens. On August 20, Avery, Hand & Company, a communications firm in Westport, Conn., offered a prize "of no particular value, but of great interest and memorability," to whoever came closest to guessing when New York Telephone would restore a service that ceased on July 15, and remained so despite daily appeals to AT&T and Avery, Hand's phone came alive at 10:55 o'clock the morning the *Times* ad appeared.

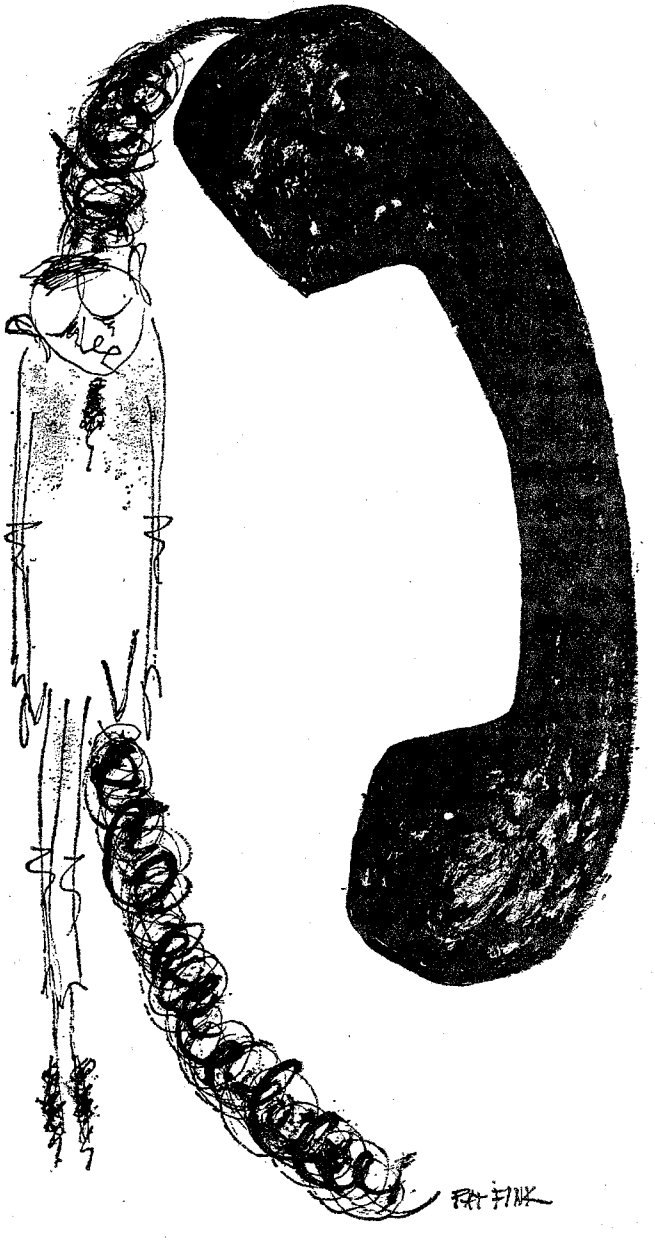
But for the rest of us, only frustration. A teacher in a Washington school runs to the corner drugstore phone to notify a parent that a child is ill; she can't get a line through the school switchboard. Dial for the operator, and wait . . . and wait . . . and wait. (My personal records: fifty-five rings to place a long distance call from Arlington, Va.; 109 rings to reach an information operator from a New York booth.)

Nor does contact with the operator mean an end to the citizen's troubles. Miss Bell or Ma Bell, by either name AT&T can be a snappish wench quick to spew billingsgate at a customer, or abruptly disconnect his call rather than check whether Stewart's name could possibly be spelled Stuart. Their behavior is the more infuriating because it is so sharply divergent from what we were taught to expect from Ma Bell's girls, who had that famed "voice with a smile." (To Bell's credit, the slogan is no longer used.) As a Texas newspaper man I once sought to locate, by phone, a man who had been bitten by a rabid dog, who lived in a rural area, and whose comments were deemed of sociological importance by a city editor. The Bell operator in the town knew the man, but said he didn't have a phone. "But if he's being treated," she said, "Doc Smith is the one, and I know he's out on Forney Road tending to Miss Sally. Let me ring him there and I'll tell him to give you what you need." She did, and he did. Call information in the same town today, and you are connected with a Southwestern Bell operator who sits in Dallas, with responsibility for all of north central Texas, and with no interest whatsoever in the whereabouts of anyone so insignificant that he isn't listed in a Bell directory.

What happened to Bell? Why the public disintegration of Bell's long-time image of total efficiency? Why cannot the world's largest company in terms of assets ($40.1 billion at the end of 1968) perform its basic mission? After all, Ben S. Gilmer, now the AT&T president, earnestly told the Federal Communications Commission during the 1966-67 rate inquiry: ". . . the ultimate criterion of all we do is service to the public. This is our responsibility and our license to exist . . . . In our business, service means being ready, willing and able to respond to the existing and emerging communications needs of the nation."

Willing or not, Bell has not been ready and able. Its failure is twofold: physical and personal. The demand for phones is outstripping Bell's willingness to supply them. And, once in place, Bell cannot operate them satisfactorily. In both instances, the blame falls on AT&T management. The company's excuse is that inadequate earnings prevent it from expanding fast enough to meet customer needs, and that "local conditions" such as strikes and the stock market boom are responsible for many of the more spectacular collapses (Chicago, northern Florida, Detroit and Wall Street). Its statistics are impressive, as statistics tend to be. "In 1968 we handled 16 million more messages per business day than in 1967," board chairman H. I. Romnes wrote in the 1968 AT&T annual report. "Long distance messages increased by 620 million. The gain of 4,245,000 telephones was the largest ever. . . ." The U.S. population increased 13 per cent during 1959-68; phones in use by more than 50 per cent (57,944,000 to 88,007,000). And so forth.

As of June 1, 1969, state utility commissions had before them requests for phone rate increases totaling more



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than $468 million, chiefly from Bell System companies. But there is no credible evidence that higher rates would revive services. Simon Lazarus, former special assistant to FCC member Nicholas Johnson, and now with New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs, notes that New York Telephone has exceeded its authorized 6.5 per cent rate of return every year since that rate was established by the public service commission in 1957. In 1968, when it dipped to 6.9 per cent, New York Telephone asked the PSC for $175 million in new revenues and a return of 8.5 to 9 per cent. Meanwhile, New Yorkers wait three weeks for phone installations—and almost as long to complete long distance calls.

Phone service has collapsed because the Bell System is engaged in a technological power grab designed to insure its continuing domination of the communications market. Bell "defends" its monopoly by an active offense; thus it is devoting a substantial portion of its engineering skills and financial resources to esoteric electronic gear: interface devices which permit "computers to talk to computers"; data transmission systems to service everything from brokerage houses to libraries, banks and department stores; and new broad-band circuits which permit literally thousands of voice and other transmissions to travel the same route simultaneously. As William O. Baker, vice president of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, told the FCC in 1966, AT&T is preparing for "the transmission of new magnitudes of communications, including intermixed batches of data, words and graphics beyond anything conceived hitherto. These forthcoming requirements will result from a growth in the accumulation and utilization of catalogued information, an increasingly important development in our society."

Such is the stuff of which the big communications profits of the future are to be made. And such is the area in which Bell hopes to beat down potential competitors, the independent communications companies which are attempting to market their own data transmission devices. So preoccupied is Bell with this conquest of new markets that it gives less and less attention to its humdrum (and captive) home and business customers. During 1968, by way of illustration, the Western Electric plants at Indianapolis and Shreveport, La., together produced 8.1 million telephone sets. Only 2.5 million of them were "general purpose dial phones." The remainder were what Western calls "specialty instruments or new models introduced in the past decade."

Which brings up a second reason for the phone collapse. Vital to Bell's data transmission market is the system-wide installation of something called "electronic switching systems," or ESS, described as the greatest thing to happen to the industry since Alexander Graham Bell. ESS is swift: when mated with Touch-Tone phones, it handles calls some five times faster than existing rotary systems. ESS has a memory: eventually, Bell tells us, it will enable a subscriber to have calls transferred from his base number to wherever he may be—at the ball park, in his car, at a restaurant.

Bell began deploying ESS in 1965, beginning in smaller exchanges on the Eastern seaboard. The apparent (but unadmitted) company policy is to make as few expansions of non-ESS exchanges as possible, pending availability of the more modern equipment. If customers suffer in the interim, that's regrettable, but Bell definitely does not intend to install older type equipment only to junk it within a decade. Here the company follows a hallowed, if hollow, Bell tradition. The one-piece handset which houses both receiver and transmitter was standard equipment in Europe by 1885; AT&T continued with the two-piece set —the mouthpiece in a permanent wall mount or on a desk stand, the earpiece separate and attached by a cord —until 1934. The reason: giving subscribers better equipment would have meant junking existing apparatus. So Bell permitted the two-piece sets to continue in service until they literally fell apart. If it undertook a crash program to install standard electro-mechanical switching systems, Bell could relieve much of the present crush.

And here arises another problem. Manufacture of ESS is complicated, and the FCC's common carrier bureau, which began an investigation of service snafus in late August, discovered that Western Electric was "persistently" late on deliveries of ESS and other switching gear. Civil servants in the bureau are now asking (and attempting to interest the commission in) the question of whether delays would have been tolerated had AT&T been dealing with an outside contractor, rather than its wholly owned manufacturing and supply subsidiary.

Sassy and stupid operators, while less complicated technologically, are of more personal concern to the phone customer than ESS and other unseen apparatus. Here Bell's excuse is "turnover"—that operators and other personnel zip in and out of the system so fast that they are ineffective. According to AT&T figures, the turnover of women operators was 31 per cent in 1967; 35 per cent in 1968 and even higher in the first four months of 1969. In Manhattan, the figure was 41 per cent in 1968, up from 34 per cent in 1967.

AT&T operators are at a tactical disadvantage in dealing with the public. A citizen who waits ten minutes in a sweaty booth for a long distance operator to pick up his call thinks not of AT&T board chairman Romnes nor AT&T director C. Douglas Dillon, the former Cabinet member, nor AT&T director Monroe J. Rathbone, former board chairman of Jersey Standard. To him the operator is Ma Bell incarnate, and it is this hapless creature who endures the public's raw animal hatred for the Bell System and its wretched service.

She is absolutely defenseless. She is programmed to be impersonal, even when the customer is in a happy mood and willing to josh a bit as he places his call. Says an officer of the Communications Workers of America, the chief Bell union: "Whoever the hell does time studies for AT&T figured out that an operator who smiles or jokes with a customer is wasting a second or two, and that won't do. So she has her little pat phrases she is required to chant at him, mechanically, even when human nature demands that she act human. So the caller thinks, 'My God, what a cold fish this woman is.' . . . When he calls the operator again he is brusque, even rude. The girls listen to this all day, and what happens? They, too, become brusque and rude, it's a self-perpetuating process."

Company rules consistently flout common sense—and

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it's the operator who takes the blame. A Philadelphia drama critic recently moved into a new home and requested an unlisted number for his phone, which was connected in his absence. He called the Pennsylvania Bell business office to ask what his number was to be. "I'm sorry, we can't give you the number of your unlisted phone over the telephone; you must come to the office," the girl told him. "But it's my *own phone*," the critic protested. "I'm talking from it right now; call me back and tell me the number." She replied: "I'm sorry, that's against company rules."

According to the management textbooks, efficiency in a large organization depends upon standardization—of machines and of humans. For a Bell operator, however, "standardization" makes life a daily hell. "The pressures are many, varied, subtle and extreme," says Lee White, CWA's national public relations director. "We are finding an unusual number of cases of—well, I guess you would call them cases of nervous troubles—developing in traffic departments.

"The girls are required to sit on a stool of a certain height, always keeping a prescribed distance from the switchboard, looking neither to left nor right, not talking to the girls beside them." According to White, it isn't uncommon for a supervisor to come up quietly behind an operator and hold a pencil alongside her head. "If the girl turns her head far enough to see the pencil, that means she's looking around too much, and she can be reprimanded. . . . Think of that—to sit at a board all day long, and endure something like that. . . . And to know that a supervisor is sitting in the back at a console, monitoring every call you handle, making sure you repeat the standard phrases exactly as written in the book, and that you answer all your calls within two seconds."

The Bell System maintains elaborate indexes of "performance norms" for its employees—how many calls operators handle per hour; how many repairs a serviceman makes during a day; how many new phones an installer handles. Fulfilling (or surpassing) these norms determines how fast AT&T managers are promoted through the system, for they are constantly being compared with men doing the same job elsewhere. To AT&T workers, these norms constitute an ever faster treadmill which has led, in the words of a resolution passed at CWA's 1967 convention, "to nervous sickness or nervous breakdown, widespread use of tranquilizers, and a large turnover in the traffic force." CWA decries constant prodding of workers "to meet . . . computerized indexes which will only be raised once you meet the objective."

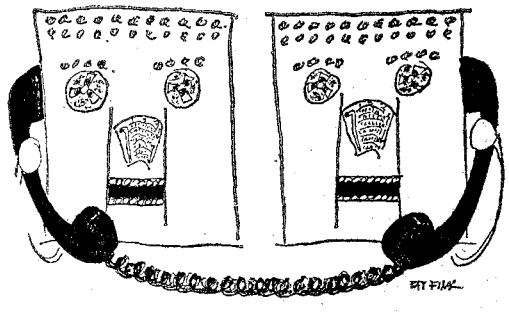
A special CWA committee which surveyed 12,500 union officers and members reported findings last June that put a statistical foundation beneath such sweeping charges, to wit:

> An alarming four-fifths of the local presidents felt that unfair competition was promoted by the existing index system, and an overwhelming majority felt that the results of such a system were reported inaccurately to top management. . . . One out of every four females was disciplined last year . . . from the index system.
>
> [Job observation and monitoring have] caused gross irritation among our members. Three out of every five females surveyed responded that such job observation creates an uncomfortable or harassing atmosphere. [Existing methods] are not only harassing in the extreme, but are degrading to the employee and must be changed if employee morale is to be improved from its present low state.
>
> The adequacy of company training programs was severely criticized by both the local presidents and the individual members. Over three-fourths of the locals gave poor ratings to such training programs. Also, more than a majority reported that management expects too much too soon from newly-trained employees.
>
> There is significant evidence that the number of employees is insufficient in most cases to provide adequate service to the customer. This naturally throws a greater work load on the employees and a heavier burden on first-line management.

On and on runs the CWA indictment, but the last count constitutes the most devastating bit of evidence on life within Ma Bell's family: "When asked how they would recommend a company job similar to theirs to a friend outside the company, two-thirds of the employees that responded failed to rate their job as a good one."

What then is the solution to the phone mess? First, AT&T should be made to realize that the bounds of its monopoly are not limitless. Phone service is a natural monopoly, and even the most vehement of Bell baiters do not desire that each town have two or more operating phone companies. But what right—natural, moral or legal—does AT&T have to the data transmission field? Why should the regulatory agencies permit Bell to slight its responsibilities to its captive consumers while devoting its energies and a good portion of its investment capital to the capture of nonphone markets? At a time when millions of Americans are grousing about their phone service, why does AT&T's manufacturing subsidiary, Western Electric, take upon itself the mammoth task of prime contractor for the anti-ballistic missile system, which is to be the biggest defense undertaking since the Manhattan Project? AT&T's basic business is telephones, and it should be forced to return to it, resisting the green appeal of the dollars it habitually sees on the other side of the fence.

William D. Hickman, who writes on communications matters from Washington for the McGraw-Hill publications, frequently argues the value of competition as a regulatory tool. The revocation of a Bell franchise in one of the states now suffering abysmal phone service would put AT&T on notice that its monopoly, while long established, is no longer to be taken for granted. Does any state regulatory agency have the fortitude to take such a drastic step to bring the telephone monopoly into line? I doubt it—and so does Ma Bell; otherwise, she wouldn't be behaving so irresponsibly.



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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Making the World Safe for America

THE POLITICS OF WAR: The World and United States Foreign Policy, 1943-1945. *By Gabriel Kolko. Random House. 685 pp. $12.95.*

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: An Analysis of Power and Purpose. *By Gabriel Kolko. Beacon Press. 166 pp. $5.95.*

RONALD RADOSH

Mr. Radosh is the author of a forthcoming book, The American Labor Movement and United States Foreign Policy *(Random House). He teaches history at Queensborough Community College, City University of New York.*

Gabriel Kolko is the latest historian to develop a study of World War II from a revisionist standpoint. It is somewhat irritating to find that he fails to acknowledge any debt to other revisionists, particularly to William Appleman Williams whose *Tragedy of American Diplomacy* (1959), a sophisticated and compelling critique of the cold war, provided the theoretical framework from which Kolko's study seems to have been developed. Nevertheless, *The Politics of War,* Kolko's account of two crucial years, 1943-45, is undoubtedly the most searching, thorough and detailed study yet to appear of what has led to our present impasse. Basing his conclusions upon memoirs, hearings and more than fifteen manuscript collections of the key policy makers, Kolko reveals that U.S. policy during World War II was not the result of drift, or a desire to score a military victory against the Axis powers. Political issues were inseparable from military problems, and the war itself was an extension of an older political-economic struggle.

American policy, Kolko argues, can be understood as an attempt to create a postwar world structure that would maintain United States hegemony throughout the world, on the basis of an informal empire of free trade imperialism. U.S. authorities sought to use the occupation forces to contain revolutionary change, and worked to revive conservative groups in order to prevent any collapse of the old order that might open the door to either social revolution or Soviet predominance in Europe. The United States did not, therefore, favor a stern peace for Germany or Japan, but desired their reintegration into a new liberal world capitalism to balance any Soviet gains from the war. The United States fought not to destroy the Axis but to advance "American global interests." World War II was actually a tragic error "to the American government in that . . . it understood that perhaps a less imperialist Germany and Japan would be preferable to the U.S.S.R. as allies in the future."

Holding a Wilsonian goal of building an integrated order of world-wide liberal capitalism, U.S. leaders viewed all areas of the world they did not control as danger spots. Perhaps Kolko's major contribution is the way in which he reveals the related nature of the broad economic objectives of American capitalism and the political policy pursued by the corporate policy makers. In a fundamental sense, U.S. leaders did not separate economics and politics; the two were different sides of the same coin.

U.S. policy toward Eastern Europe reflects the interaction between economics and politics. The United States did not object to Sovietization on moral and political grounds: a lack of "democracy" or a refusal to hold "free elections." Citing the positions of Cordell Hull and later Edward Stettinius, Kolko shows that U.S. policy was based on the assumption that "Americans could make future investments only within the context of a capitalist economy at least some of which the Eastern European nations might not wish to continue," and on "tangible demands for an open door to the Eastern European economies."

Hence U.S. policy at Yalta was "primarily economic in content," and called for multilateral trade patterns, equality of opportunity and freedom to invest for U.S. corporations. While the State Department gave lip service to acceptance of Russian security needs, it was defined "in such a manner as not to alter economic opportunities or involve a radical change in prewar internal or external economic relations." The United States came to depend on those very prewar political parties that were morally bankrupt, as it "ignored the structural facts" and opted for a conservative restoration of the prewar *status quo.* Rejecting either a move toward the left *or* neutrality, the United States worked with the Right since its economic objectives dovetailed with those of U.S. corporations. American leaders objected to any changes that would "have impinged on American freedom to invest and trade along traditional lines."

The United States desired restoration of the old trade patterns, so that Eastern Europe would maintain its old semi-colonial status as breadbasket to the industrial West. American political goals were vague in nature, stressing containment of the Left and of Russian influence. But its economic goals were precise. The United States wished to prevent dismantling of property in reparations, keep oil from U.S.-owned wells from being shipped to Russia, and end all restrictions on the active return of U.S. business to Eastern Europe. First priority was opposition to nationalization. Tapping of Eastern European oil was considered crucial if economic life in Western Europe was to be restored. Victory for the Left or the Soviet Union "threatened this reintegration [of Eastern Europe] in the most fundamental manner." Thus the State Department worked for incorporation of the Danube River states into a European-wide inland waterway system under U.S. control. Fearing a Russian monopoly in the former Axis satellites, the United States worked to preserve Eastern Europe as an area that would sell its raw materials primarily to Germany. Soviet security needs could not be permitted to result in "interference with American property or trade."

The Soviets tried to create arrangements acceptable to the United States. In Western Europe they proved to be the most faithful allies of the State Department. Kolko perceptively uncovers the eminent conservatism of Soviet policy. Stalin based his actions on gaining security for the Soviet state, even if it meant opposing both nationalist and revolutionary Communist movements throughout the world. The Western Communist Parties proved faithful to Soviet needs, and became the old order's best allies. In Greece the EAM possessed most of the country, but they surrendered their arms and depended on British promises that never would be kept. In Italy the Communist Party stressed unity, even with Fascist collaborators. It became "the party of transcendent nationalism . . . that submerged class goals and vetoed the triumph of the Left in a period of considerable . . . revolutionary possibilities." In France the Communists actually played the "critical role in disciplining the working class and ultimately

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making it possible for capitalism as an institution to survive and profit."

The Americans never grasped the basic social democratic nature of Communist policy. Instead, they feared the potential implications of a popular Left victory. Yet the Communists worked steadily for stability, emphasizing productivity, speed-up, and an end to strikes. Capitalism survived only where both Communists and Social Democrats worked to reform it. The Left thus ironically "became the savior of Western European capitalism." Kolko, unlike orthodox Trotskyists, perceives the ineffectuality of Left action in the streets when the Nazis were still in power and the masses weak; and the further ineffectuality of Left action at the war's end when the Anglo-American troops made their presence felt. He finds that the Communists made a virtue out of necessity by, early in the game, declaring against revolutionary action. They served the Russian need for a breathing spell, and helped create a sound conservative order in Western Europe.

Soviet policy fit in neatly with the overall U.S. war aims, "to save capitalism at home and abroad." This goal could only be met in a rationally ordered world economy, in which a new Germany would be integrated into a liberal world capitalist structure. U.S. policy was a continuation of the old open-door imperialism, brought up to date by Cordell Hull. What the United States wanted was "ample and profitable outlets in the postwar period for its exports and investments, and in principle wished to see the markets and resources of the world available to all on equal terms, but most assuredly to the United States." With Britain and Germany as junior partners, reconstruction and relief would be solved as a "by-product of the creation of a rational world economy" through the open door. German power was to be retained but redefined according to U.S. needs, and a new Germany would be the bulwark of liberal capitalism in Europe.

Throughout Europe, American economic policy was used as a political weapon, and any postwar economic collaboration was delayed until political favors could be assured. Kolko clears up a long-standing issue taken up by the revisionists: the response to Stalin's request for a $6-billion loan from the United States.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has often asserted that this request was "lost." Kolko provides a much more credible account. Averell Harriman and key policy makers did not want a strong Russia to emerge from the war. And since Stalin planned to triple Russia's prewar steel output with these borrowed funds, Harriman opposed the loan and argued that the United States should increase trade elsewhere. The cutoff of Lend-Lease aid and denial of the loan was clearly an implication of "economic tools for political ends"—political ends which were of course economically derived. Kolko firmly lays to rest any further dispute over the meaning of economic policy toward Russia. Aid to the USSR was simply "incompatible with the now basic goal of strengthening world capitalism and the American position." No one, Kolko writes, had any "illusions about this objective," save, one might add, the liberal apologists like Schlesinger.

One cannot put too much stress on the immense achievement of Kolko. The present crisis is viewed as a result of the inability to carry out a policy of international counterrevolution. That an American historian can produce such a book in a conservative era, critical of both U.S. and Soviet measures, is evidence of the intellectual maturity achieved by some elements of the American Left. In his monograph, *The Roots of American Foreign Policy*, Kolko spells out the premises behind his approach. The United States is treated as a corporate capitalist state whose leaders fear for the "long-term future of American economic power as it overextends itself in the hopeless, open ended task of policing the world."

Kolko produces a needed corrective to the now popular Millsian view of military dominance, stressing that not the military-industrial complex but civilian goals are the source of U.S. foreign policy, that military power is only the instrument of a business-based ruling class that uses the military establishment for its own purposes. The policies of the cold war stem from a leadership emerging from "those with powerful class interests." American ideology is thus a synthesis "that embodies . . . economic and strategic objectives and priorities," demanding world economic stability and opposition to changes that "present a danger to United States hegemony." In a brilliant closing chapter, Kolko explores the roots of U.S. intervention in Vietnam. The war is the logical conclusion of a policy initiated by the Roosevelt administration, and is explained as "the inevitable cost of maintaining United States imperial power," not as an incorrect policy that might have been by-passed with wiser leadership. Kolko exposes the "specious liberalism which believes one simply replaces individuals in office with other men . . . rather than solving problems with an altogether new system based on a radically different distribution of power."

In some closing remarks, Kolko calls for a new "clarity" on the part of those who today reject the "leadership and goals of America's men of power." His own books produce such clarity. They are among the few truly essential works for those Americans who are seeking to lay the foundations for a humanist socialism in the United States.

Avant-Garde Forever?

SHAW: An Autobiography 1856-1898. *Selected by Stanley Weintraub. Weybright & Talley. 336 pp. $10.*

ALFRED TURCO

Mr. Turco teaches English at Wesleyan University and is at work on a book dealing with the organic coherence of Shaw's thought.

During his long life, George Bernard Shaw gave every sign of being a biographer's best friend. Not only did he supply several potential Boswells with reams of data; he sometimes wrote whole segments of their books himself. The appearance in 1956 of the "centennial" chronicles of Archibald Henderson and St. John Ervine seemed to exhaust the subject. Surely nothing new could be discovered after these massive tomes; perhaps too much had been written already about the author of *Man and Superman, Major Barbara, St. Joan* and other works that could be safely consigned to the realm of the passé. Shaw had advertised his modernity so long and ostentatiously that we forgot (as he never quite did himself) that nobody can remain *avant-garde* forever.

Nearly fifteen years later, the view is different. The publication of a number of serious critical works suggests that Shaw's reputation as an artist has begun to undergo favorable reassessment. While the "absurdist" contingent still finds it hard to forgive Shaw for believing that life has a purpose, many readers are more willing now than a few years ago to look beneath the level of surface shibboleth to find in his plays the exploration of a major theme—the possibility of synthesis between fact and ideal, flesh and spirit, wisdom and power—which is of permanent importance. In addition, a major biographical breakthrough occurred with the appearance in 1964 of *Shaw of Dublin* by B. C. Rosset. His on-the-scene sleuthing concerning Shaw's youthful period in Ireland convinced Rosset that G.B.S. had intentionally supplied misleading information about

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certain aspects of his life; that all the major biographers had uncritically cribbed material from one another's accounts; and that the destruction of original sources made a new beginning hazardous, if not impossible.

To be sure, Rosset's novel hypothesis —that Shaw wished to hide from the world a secret fear that he was the illegitimate son of a musician named Lee —was an overly flamboyant construction of the evidence. But the suggestion that Shaw's effusiveness was really designed to conceal a secretive nature fitted quite easily into the traditional view of a schizoid Shaw, divided neatly into a man and a mask. No attention was given to the possibility that Shaw may have adopted a public image (G.B.S.) not merely as a defensive tactic but because that persona actually expressed the part of his character with which he felt comfortable because he understood it fully. The man himself may not have known what lay beneath the mask.

In the wake of the wreckage left by *Shaw of Dublin*, it is no surprise that recent books of a quasi-biographical nature (such as R. J. Minney's *Recollections of George Bernard Shaw*) have been notable for their modest intentions. The most ingenious entry into the field, Stanley Weintraub's *Shaw: An Autobiography 1856-1898*, is not a "book of selections" in the usual sense. Mr. Weintraub's purpose has not been to collect a group of self-contained pieces but rather to sift an enormous amount of material (Shaw's prefaces, introductions to books about others, essays and reviews, speeches and unpublished typescripts) for segments which could then be spliced together in a manner suggesting the texture that a Shavian autobiography might actually have taken. The chapter on Shaw's youth, for instance, consists of more than thirty excerpts from more than a dozen sources written during the better part of a century—yet the effect aimed at is of one continuous essay. And despite the disadvantage of being limited to writings explicitly autobiographical in tone (passages of private confession are excluded), a reasonably full account emerges. Shaw's "shabby-genteel" origins: his humiliating apprenticeship as a clerk in Dublin and unpublished novelist in London; his adventures as Fabian Socialist and philandering virgin; his intellectual growth from rationalist to vitalist; his gradual success as music critic ("Corno di Bassetto"); his emergence as theatre critic and playwright in the 1890s (where the current account ends)—everything is here. If one cannot say that nothing is wanting, it is not because anything has been overlooked.

The idea of allowing a picture to emerge by letting Shaw speak for himself is in many ways appealing. There are, as we should expect, some hilarious moments—Shaw in Hyde Park, sheltered from the rain by an umbrella, giving an impassioned defense of socialism to an audience consisting entirely of six policemen who had been sent to keep an eye on him; or the account of one of his uncles, a religious fanatic, who attempted to expedite his arrival into heaven by strangling himself in a carpetbag. If there are predictable flashes of vanity, there is also self-criticism—readers feeling an antipathy to Shaw's bourgeois bias will discover that he was fully cognizant of his own middle-class prejudices. Vignettes of friends, among them Oscar Wilde and Theosophist Annie Besant, as well as a splendid tribute to artist-Socialist William Morris ("You can lose a man like that by your own death, but not by his") belie the contention that Shaw was incapable of sympathetic identification with other persons. And we catch a glimpse, too, of the mood of the late Victorian period—that remote time when vestryman G.B.S.'s advocacy of public lavatories for women greatly amused those who considered it ungentlemanly to suggest that a member of the fair sex might have occasion to use such a facility.

In spite of all these good features, Weintraub's method of compiling *Shaw: An Autobiography* involves a number of drawbacks, ranging from minor to serious. In the first group are the confusions of tone, transition and sequence, caused by the juxtaposition of passages written over long periods of time. The word "now" can refer to any time between the 1880s and 1940s; at one moment Shaw tells us he is in his "nineties" while material included nearby obviously dates from much earlier. Passages from speeches and reviews (e.g., his shock upon first seeing an uncorseted female or his obituary-diatribe against impresario Sir Augustus Harris) are misleading because the reader assumes that they are personal revelations when in fact they are segments of crusading argument cut adrift from the contexts that would make them fully intelligible. Bringing together several accounts of the same incident (for instance, Bradlaugh's famous challenge to the Almighty) results in a repetitiveness for which Shaw cannot be blamed. When at one point Shaw hails "Bassetto the Incorruptible," while a few pages later he laments that "poor old Bassetto" is no longer worth reading, or when he announces that *Cashel Byron's Profession* was not his first book after already having described in some detail the three that preceded it, the unfortunate effect in each case is not to be ascribed to senile garrulity but to a conflated text whose components were never meant to appear together.

Larger problems are presented by availability and arrangement of material. I do not think that Shaw would have written an autobiography of these years without mentioning his marriage, nor that he would have devoted twice as much space to his first play as to the next five put together (which included *Mrs. Warren's Profession, Arms and the Man* and *Candida*). And even where relevant material is plentiful and the flow of language is uninterrupted, the resulting tissue is not the equivalent of an extended piece of writing by Shaw. The Preface to his first novel, *Immaturity*, ranks with Milton's *Areopagitica* and Ruskin's *Traffic* as one of the summits of English prose; but when the essay is split into more than twenty fragments, and the magnificent peroration is placed at the beginning of a chapter consisting principally of segments more

On Oscar Wilde

"Comedy: the criticism of morals and manners *viva voce*, was his real forte. When he settled down to that he was great. But . . . his initial mistake [i.e., as an apostle of Art] had produced that 'rather low opinion of Wilde's capacities,' that 'deep-rooted contempt for the showman in him,' which . . . will persist until the last man who remembers his aesthetic period has perished. The world has been in some ways so unjust to him that one must be careful not to be unjust to the world."

On Love

"My affections have two excellent qualities: extreme levity and extreme tenacity. I do not like the proverb 'Love me little: love me long'; but whoever invented it had a very narrow escape from finding its true form, which is, 'Love me lightly; love me long.' And that is how I loved, and still love, Annie Besant."

On Religion

"Unfortunately this Christian Church, founded gaily with a pun . . . has become the Church where you must not laugh; and so it is giving away to the older and greater Church to which I belong: the Church where the oftener you laugh the better, because by laughter only can you destroy evil without malice, and affirm good fellowship without mawkishness."

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subdued in tone, the rhythm goes limp. To be sure, none of the epigrammatic brilliance is lost; but Shaw's unit of expression is not the epigram, the sentence, or even the paragraph but a sense of mass which is precisely the quality which the editor has been forced to sacrifice. Did not Shaw warn that "all biographies must be artistic if they are to be readable"? Weintraub's aesthetic problem is that there is really no such thing as Shaw's autobiography—the bits and pieces are available, but there is no force to generate a form.

Finally, one must question the entire strategy of creating a portrait of Shaw by assembling, no matter how skillfully, statements he made about himself in the first person. Shaw on Shaw is occasionally fine, sometimes strident, and often a brash bore. While an unsympathetic reader may seize the occasion to observe that this book allows the man to stand condemned out of his own mouth, such a conclusion would be as misleading as a judgment of Wagner's abilities as an orchestrator based upon a study of only the horn parts in his operas.

On His Youth

"I had the intellectual habit; and my natural combination of critical faculty with literary resource needed only a clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory: in short, a religion, to set it in triumphant operation."

But the problem goes still deeper. Shaw once wrote of Wagner: "Seldom has there taken place in the soul of one and the same man as profound a division and estrangement between the intuitive and impulsive part of his nature and his consciously or reasonably formed ideas." Few have realized how true that statement is of the man who uttered it—even Shaw's detractors have tended to see him as a "rationalist" who at least knew what he wanted to say and said it brilliantly. While it would be rash to deny the brilliance, it does not follow that Shaw knew what he was saying. Indeed, I would even argue that he is never more brilliant than when he literally does not know what he is talking about. This is surely true of his art. It used to be considered quite a damaging criticism to point out that Shaw's plays do not mean what his prefaces said they meant; it is only recently that we have come to see the discrepancy between the two as a sign of the fecundity of an artistic imagination that ran away with its possessor's rationally formulated propositions.

As with the art, so with the man—Shaw's self is more interesting than his statements *about* himself would lead one to believe. Such assertions need to be placed in perspective, viewed in relation to one another, and finally integrated with our knowledge of the whole man. While one cannot criticize Weintraub's thoroughness and objectivity, one comes away from this book with the feeling that what is needed is not an "autobiography" at all, but the definitive interpretive biography which B. C. Rosset has shown we shall probably never have.

Creator of Surfaces

THE O'HARA GENERATION. *By John O'Hara. Random House. 491 pp. $6.95.*

JOHN DWYER

Mr. Dwyer is a former fiction editor of the Chicago Review.

Stanley Kauffmann, in comparing a late collection of John O'Hara's stories with his early fiction, said that the experience was like watching an old Jimmy Stewart film on *The Late Show*. "You realize that, essentially, nothing at all has changed. The years have done nothing but age him; what was good remains good, what was bad remains bad. There has not even been deterioration, let alone development." The comparison works in all but one particular: Stewart on film may appear older from year to year, but O'Hara in prose doesn't age at all from story to story, decade to decade.

At least that is an impression one gets from reading these twenty-two stories selected from O'Hara's work during the years 1935-66. "The Doctor's Son" (1935) and "Fatimas and Kisses" (1966), the stories which begin and end the volume, give every appearance of having been written within a few weeks of each other. Both are "Jimmy Malloy" stories (the only ones in the collection), the first presenting Jimmy as a teen-ager, the second showing him at various stages of adolescence and early manhood. Both have as their surface interest Jimmy's observation of the progress and violent termination of certain sexual intrigues in Gibbsville; both also involve the problem of Malloy establishing his own identity in relation to the formidable personality of his father.

In "Fatimas and Kisses," by helping to fix the grounds for a plea of insanity, Malloy as a newspaper reporter saves a murderer from the electric chair. The act mirrors his father's career as a physician; it is also performed in the older man's inconspicuous manner. The autobiographical element of both stories is thinly veiled: put side by side, the events, even the minor touches, occur at about the same place in both texts. Although Malloy appears at the end of "Fatimas and Kisses" to have achieved —what he failed at in the earlier story—a satisfactory relation to the memory of his dead father, one marvels, extraneously perhaps, at the degree to which this particular theme engages the author in stories written some thirty years apart. Both stories properly could be titled "The Doctor's Son."

O'Hara's prose in the most recent stories is the same instrument with which he began his career thirty-five years ago. It is the prose of a writer who sees himself exclusively as a *teller* of tales. His style is seldom interpretive (Malloy is never Marlow). He rarely uses language to provide a dimension beyond the narrated events themselves. O'Hara's narrative stance has always been, in his best work at least, reportorial. His business is with "facts," with appearances, with people's speech, with nuances in manners, with life-styles. O'Hara, more often than not, has succeeded in placing his characters in a sharply defined milieu precisely because he is an expert in the creation of surfaces.

Such expertise of course accounts for O'Hara's reputation as a master of "social verisimilitude." All the stories in this collection, especially the longer ones

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TWO VARIATIONS ON A THEME

1.

What's his offense?

He's young
and lies with women
in his imagination.
The apprehension of death
grips him by the neck.
He'll go as close to an old man
as to a blubber washed up
on the beach.

2.

What's his offense?

He will not look.
The face is too old.
He will not look.

CARL RAKOSI

GOING ON THIRTY

They still let us in the swamped
doors of the Fillmore
if we have our straight's five.
I'm hunched toward the stage,
a strange tidal bending, and it is
the blackest sea this side
of the moon.
Red lights, buoys stranded,
burn across dead space.
Those are the eyes of undersea gear
that hauls up sound
naked off the ocean floor.

When the waves, blue to purple to good-blood red,
have battered all our ears back into
these sober undefended heads,
the dark comes on again. The lonesome
little eyes stare back. No recognition.
I stiffen for a hard shove,
myself against myself.
Oh I pity me! me! and trust no one,
I who love the stage dead,
nothing begun,
and the dark stalled up there, empty-handed.

ROSELLEN BROWN

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Now it is time to see what's left:
not much.
Gulls above the scrub pine, the tufted dunes—
though nothing visible emits that low, slurred moan—,
the graves in rows like a tray full of type.
What we have lost
you may guess by what we have kept.
We rise to sing
like beach grass swaying in the wind.
O hymn of salt, the pages of the hymnal
riffling, turning
at last by themselves.

WILLIAM MATTHEWS

FOR A SHETLAND PONY BROOD MARE WHO DIED IN HER BARREN YEAR

After bringing forth eighteen
foals in as many Mays
you might, old Trinket girl,
have let yourself be lulled
this spring into the green days
of pasture and first curl
of timothy. Instead,
your milk bag swelled again,
an obstinate machine.
Your long pale tongue
waggled in every feed box.
You slicked your ears back
to scatter other mares
from the salt lick.
You were full of winter burdocks
and false pregnancy.

By midsummer all the foals
had breached, except the ghost
you carried. In the bog
where you came down each noon
to ease your deer-thin hoofs in mud,
a jack-in-the-pulpit cocked
his overhang like a question mark.
We saw some autumn soon
that botflies would take your skin
and bloodworms settle
inside the cords and bands
that laced your belly,
your church of folded hands.

But all in good time, Trinket!
Was it something you understood?
Full of false pride
you lay down and died
in the sun,
all silken on one side,
all mud on the other one.

MAXINE KUMIN

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("Mrs. Stratton of Oak Knoll," "Pat Collins" and "Andrea"), sustain that reputation, but one other impression emerges. His characters are so adroitly and firmly established in their various environments that one soon becomes aware of how very little maneuverability (i.e., freedom) they really possess. One always suspected that Julian English did not *have* to throw that highball in Harry Reilly's face in *Appointment in Samarra*, even if Julian's suicide seemed to be the culmination of an inexorable process. The import of these stories is to suggest that the highball episode, trivial as it appears, was inevitable in O'Hara's view of things, that it too was simply a step in an unintelligible, and therefore wholly implacable, process.

The working out of that process involves O'Hara's notions about society and the subtle laws which govern it. In "Over the River and Through the Wood," O'Hara sees a young woman's revulsion at an old man's casual gesture at amiability to be the end for which the man's whole life has prepared him. In "Mary and Norma," sisters-in-law discuss the dull, trapped lives into which their marriages and extramarital affairs have led them, and one declares about men: "*I* hate *them*. It isn't only them hating us. But what are you gonna do?" In Gibbsville, where propriety, class postures or religious scruples order relations among people, gentility and violence are often indistinguishable. In "The Manager" a man begins to hemorrhage in a hotel dining room, but when he rushes to the men's room and collapses, his wife cannot bring herself to follow him there. People in O'Hara's stories are the victims of their milieu, even when they embrace and cultivate that milieu; their manners are merely the symbols of their bondage.

While he was writing his first novel, O'Hara read Somerset Maugham's version of the Samarra legend and knew that he had found the title for his book. The legend, O'Hara said later, is "thousands of years old; Maugham happened to put it gracefully, and his way of putting it fitted nicely into the inevitability of Julian English's death." The retrospective view afforded by this collection suggests that that early note of fatalism is a current which runs through his best stories. Fatality for the O'Hara generation works itself out in terms of country-club membership committees, the *Evening Bulletin*, 1929, Players Club ties, the AEF, stingers, Victrolas, the Catholic conscience, Penn Station, influenza, *Bambalina*, and Pierce-Arrow families. The choices his characters make are seldom choices at all; they are only steps. O'Hara's characters often project the illusion of action freely taken, but their respective societies are so close-grained that options either do not exist or are beyond their imagination.

Often enough, O'Hara has delighted in the ridiculousness of existence. He is fond of recounting, without the least embellishment, the struggles toward status of the Gibbsville WASPs and their less successful but equally motivated Irish auxiliary. Hollywood and New York likewise offer him inexhaustible opportunities for social commentary, but that side of O'Hara is subordinate for the most part in these stories. There is a "recurrent imagination" in O'Hara, Lionel Trilling once noted, that brings him very close to the author of *The Trial*, for it amounts to an almost metaphysical fear in his view of society. In this collection of stories it is that curious, apprehensive imagination which prevails.

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necessity, of achieving human immortality.

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ART / Lawrence Alloway

Surrealism as an alternative to the formal tradition of Cubism, erotics as the latest iconographical news, and realism as "illusion without convention" are the themes of three exhibitions in New York. The shows are minor, but the symptoms are real and can be anticipated in other shows this season. All have to do with a general curiosity about the alternatives to abstract art. They do not represent an attack on abstract art but a resistance to the extent to which it has monopolized critical attention.

"Young and Fantastic" is an exhibition of English painters in a rather seedy cul-de-sac on the ninth floor of Macy's (you should note the floor if you intend to go; the information counters, called "service" in the store, don't know about the show). The artists are new in the United States and new in themselves, born for the most part between 1937 and 1943. England doesn't lack for young artists—it is the older ones that are hard to find—and here is another generation of talent. Mario Amayo, who chose the show for the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London, suggests as common denominator "the spirit of Surrealism . . . screened through a Pop sensibility."

This seems about right, inasmuch as the artists who use mass media or popular culture sources do so with symbolic overtones and undertows. Christopher Finch in *Image as Language* (a new Penguin book) says of one of the artists, Colin Self, that "no overt moral is drawn, but the fact is stated" in his work. That seems precisely wrong; it is not the detachment of Pop art that characterizes Self's work but a tendency, seen here in other British artists, to dissolve fact into topical symbols or personal fantasy. The influence of Jim Dine's juicy plasticity on Self's drawings of settees, or of Rosenquist on Brendan Neiland (even to the point that one of his paintings of reflections is called "Green Fender") are pretty much what is meant by Post Pop art. (The phrase was coined a couple of years ago, and refers to the development of the realistic potential of Pop art rather than of its schematic sign properties.)

The styles of the artists in Amayo's group range from a soft version of Viennese Fantastic Realism (Charles Beauchamp, Richard Humphry), through René Magritte turned into Science Fiction (clouds by Bob Evans painted in a room to look like rampant spores), and abstract illusionism turned figurative (Glynn Williams' witty double take in which Art Déco motifs are loaded onto shaped canvases derived from Richard Smith). The best of the group at present is certainly Clive Barker whose chrome-plated objects—grenades, a newspaper (legible), a bucket of raindrops—have a severe presence which gets dissipated in the symbols and nuanced fantasy of the other artists.

You can go to "Orgy 1969," arranged by the United States of Erotica, Inc., by appointment (call 212 369-4701), but it's only a mixed art show in an apartment. I went expecting graphics of the kind that *Screw* and such journals use as filler, but that wasn't it. Much erotic art of the 16th to 18th centuries closely resembles the public fine art of the period, but with the fig leaf removed from the males and the adhesive drapery unstuck from the women. Thus a muted but persistent memory of sexual specifics adds resonance to the conventional poses of nymphs and satyrs, the Venuses and the Marses. It is a version of this back-up art that you get at "Orgy 1969."

However, this show is the mimicking underside of the Washington Square Open Air Art Show, not of royal mythologies. It is largely amateur art with new anatomical coordinates. Instead of Swan Lake ballerinas, it's Leda and the aroused bird; instead of knees-together poses for White Rock maidens, it's legs akimbo every time. Washington Square-type art has its visionary and cosmic flashes, of course, and so does "Orgy"; the result is like *Zap Comix*'s ithyphallicism grafted onto Maxfield Parrish.

A number of recent exhibitions have treated realism, not as a revival but as a present problem: "Realism Now" (Vassar College Art Gallery, 1968), "Aspects of a New Realism" (Milwaukee Art Center, 1969), and "The Impure Image" (arranged by David Antin at the Art Gallery of the University of California at San Diego, 1969). A mixed show called "Direct Representation" opened the season at the Fischbach Gallery with a catalogue text by Scott Burton that is brief and contradictory. He argues that the five painters in the show are committed not merely to "figuration, but . . . to unmitigated illusion." This unreal separation, as if illusion were not generated by images of identifiable things, enables him to discuss realist pictures as if they were abstract. He uses a traditional formalist language to talk about space, neglecting iconography as thoroughly as any Clement Greenberg follower.

Burton allows that "all art is of course conventional," but states that what he calls "directly representational painting aspires to a conventionlessness, and a styleless transparency." He states in one place that DR painting "does not at all eliminate or make obsolete other varieties of painting," and in another place that it is "the only major mode now available to painting adequate for the expression of the fullest individuality." Apart from the fact that we now have a conventionless *mode*, this is the wrong way to write about realism. The present fragmentary state of opinion about realism badly needs a synoptic view, but Burton would reduce realist criticism to the primitive either-or, right-wrong stance of much criticism of abstract art. Realism, like abstract art, is an option, not an imperative. Maybe David Antin's awaited text on "The Impure Image" will put realist aesthetics on a more secure basis without recourse to absolutism.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Waterford, Conn.

When I first heard, several years ago, that something called the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Foundation was sponsoring something called a National Playwrights' Conference, my reaction was somewhat guarded. Yet another program for the care and feeding of young playwrights? And just what purpose was to be served by carting a bunch of playwrights off to some kind of summer camp in Connecticut? On the other hand, the theatre needs all the halfway decent playwrights it can get; and maybe what the playwrights need is a chance to go off into the country somewhere with a group of actors and directors and work the kinks out of their scripts in a context where success pressures are kept at a minimum.

And in fact the idea seems to be working out pretty well. There has been a Playwrights' Conference every summer since 1965 at the foundation's big white mansion overlooking Long Island Sound; no geniuses have been unearthed so far, but the conference has been a factor in the careers of a number of young playwrights who have lately won reputations for themselves: Leonard Melfi, Paul Foster, John Guare, Israel Horovitz, Ron Cowen, Frank Gagliano, Lanford Wilson and others. This is a heterogeneous group; the foundation authorities have been at pains not to confine their beneficence to any particular kind of playwright. And nowadays the foundation also sponsors a number of activities besides the Playwrights' Conference, including the National Theatre of the Deaf,

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which has won golden opinions in this country and abroad, and programs for the training of drama critics, high school drama teachers and deaf theatre personnel.

This year the foundation has branched out in a new direction by sponsoring the American debut of the Theatre Workshop of Trinidad. The Trinidadians took part in the regular activities of this summer's Playwrights' Conference; in addition, they presented several public performances of *Dream on Monkey Mountain*, a play by their founder, director and playwright in chief, Derek Walcott.

Mr. Walcott is black, and so are the members of his company; his play deals, in highly metaphorical terms, with the situation of the West Indian Negro, caught between British "civilization" and a deep sense of identification with Africa. The dreamer on Monkey Mountain is a drunken old charcoal burner who imagines himself King of Africa. After a series of phantasmagorial scenes, he is enthroned amidst his black wives and warriors, and ritually executes a symbolic white girl. This scene appears to owe a great deal to Genet's *The Blacks*, which is also in the company's repertory; it is interesting that a black writer should borrow from a white writer the terms in which to talk about blackness.

Although he has spent ten years creating and leading his company, Mr. Walcott is not, I think, primarily a man of the theatre. His poetry, which he began publishing at the age of 19, is much admired by such judges as Robert Graves and Elizabeth Hardwick, and *Dream on Monkey Mountain* has the worst fault to which plays by poets (even plays by good poets) are prone: it is not successfully designed to be apprehended in the theatre. Symbols are thick on the ground: among the characters listed in the program are "Basil, a cabinetmaker, figure of Death," and "The Apparition, the moon, the muse, the white Goddess." The dialogue is full of elaborate imagery: "Make a white mist in the mind and make the mist to hang like the dress of a woman, on prickles, on branches, and make it rise like the breath of the dead on Resurrection morning." That passage seems to me rather splendid as I read it over, and I have no rooted objections to cabinetmakers who are figures of death. But all this paraphernalia does not function well dramatically; the play is murky and slow, encumbered by the very distinction of its style, choked in its own luxuriance. Nor does the production make up for the deficiencies of the script.

I don't mean to suggest that the Theatre Workshop of Trinidad is without promise (even in an American context; what it means to Trinidadians is another question). Mr. Walcott is far from being a nonentity; and, given time and training, it is not impossible that his company, now still nonprofessional, will satisfy the hopes that have been invested in it. But that brings us to the great general difficulty in writing about the O'Neill Foundation: its final justification is not the work that the participants in its activities do while they are in residence at Waterford but the work they do afterward. This is true to a considerable extent in regard to the Trinidadians, and even more true of the conference playwrights in general.

The conference functions both as a laboratory and as a market place. Not only does the playwright get a chance to work on his play in concert with a director, some actors and even an advisory critic (several are attached to the conference, and the playwright is assigned one of them); a number of producers have been known to come up to Waterford to see what's going on, and participation at the conference has led directly to several productions in New York. At last year's conference, I was given to understand, the temptations of the market place had gotten out of hand; productions had become very elaborate, and the conference had become tense with just those pressures from which it was supposed to be a refuge.

This year efforts were made to relax the atmosphere, and to allow the laboratory aspect to predominate. Except for *Monkey Mountain*, a special case, all the plays at this year's conference were given in staged readings rather than as full productions; all the actors carried their scripts, as a constant reminder that the aim was not to turn out a finished production for the audience but to help the playwright work on his play. As usual, the public was allowed to buy tickets if it liked, but, except in the case of *Monkey Mountain*, it was explicitly told that it was to watch a work-in-progress.

Even so, it makes sense to ask a couple of questions about the conference in general: are the actors and directors good enough to be of real assistance to the playwrights, and do those playwrights appear to be worth assisting? As far as I could see in a short stay, the standard of performance was high; even with script in hand a good actor is a good actor. There were plenty of those around: established professionals like Caroline Coates, Peggy Pope, James Ray, Stephen Strimpell and others. As to the quality, actual or potential, of the playwrights, I heard expressions of discontent from several people at the conference, and during my weekend at Waterford I did see some stuff that seemed to me scarcely worth bothering about. But I also saw a quite remarkably funny play entitled *The Disintegration of James Cherry*, about a nice young man to whom the most ingeniously awful things keep happening. The dialogue is strange and quietly wonderful: "If the stickleback catches you, the stickleback will kill you. There's a stickleback loose somewhere in the afternoon." Jeff Wanshel, the author of *The Disintegration of James Cherry*, is 21 years old, and I think, to put it mildly, that he and his stuff are well worth bothering about.

Perhaps, however, the conference is valuable most of all as a conference—"a meeting," as my dictionary puts it, "for consultation and discussion." The place swarms with playwrights, actors, directors, critics and miscellaneous others, consulting and discussing with great spontaneity and vivacity, and a high degree of cogency as well. Two playwrights, two critics and a director are standing around on the beach. "I don't know which is the id and which is the ego," says one of the playwrights, with reference to some play, or playwright or theatrical phenomenon. "Modern times has confused those polarities, hasn't it?" replies a critic cheerfully. On the beach!

And, for a change, the critics and those they criticize can meet one another as colleagues, not adversaries. Furthermore, just as the playwrights are a heterogeneous lot, so are the others. One of the highlights of my visit to the conference was the chance to have lunch on the grass with Elizabeth Hardwick, the most articulate American spokesman for the idea that the drama is a form of literature that has fallen into bad company by frequenting the theatre. Had I arrived a few weeks earlier, I might have had lunch instead with Richard Schechner, who maintains that the primacy of literature in our theatre is an oppressive and by no means irremediable peculiarity of Western culture. No one can say conclusively what has resulted, and what will result, from the success this conference has had in putting widely various kinds of theatre people in touch with one another; but I suspect that this may turn out to be its most valuable contribution.

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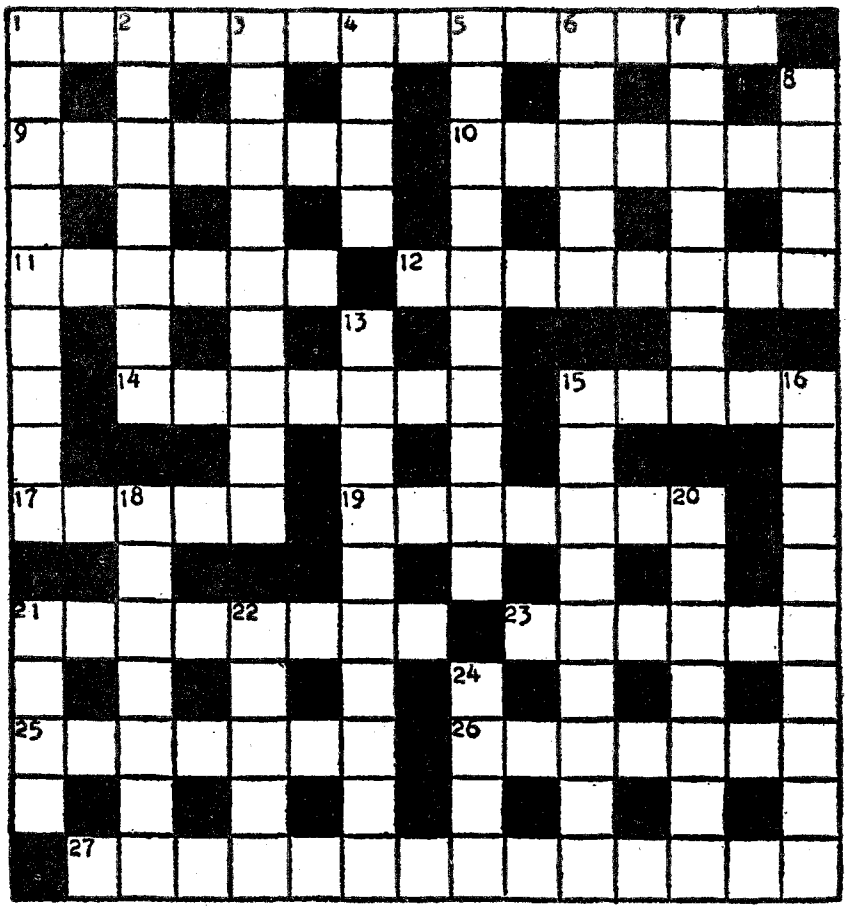
Crossword Puzzle No. 1315

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The natural thing in the way of curriculum content. (6,2,6)
9 Modern music not paid for ahead of time? There's something fishy! (4,3)
10 Go back over and soak a group of people. (7)
11 They might suggest Southern Comfort, but they're really different drinks. (6)
12 Boring ratio? Cringe in confusion! (8)
14 Put down quotation marks under something. (7)
15 Set to catch one? (5)
17 White like a Wyandotte, for instance?
19 They could put themselves right on the line in this country. (7)
21 One can get on the average a very loud indication in wax. (8)
23 Fancy an ice cream cone containing blue! (6)
25 Plain cakes are usually so seen. (7)
26 Forestall before the opening? (7)
27 Thick and thin does as a cliché for what the golfer does. (7,7)

DOWN

1 Hip joint possibly? (9)
2 and 21 down Titillated? Stick with it! (One is so happy!) (7,4)
3 The peak of March? (2,7)
4 You might find quarrelsome types at this. (4)
5 Well done, perhaps, but not eaten on the premises. (7,3)
6 Make the speech complete? (5)
7 His wail is heard in Africa. (7)
8 Inquire if it's about right for the ice?
13 It's not exactly so weird now, but it might be associated with mullions. (4,6)
15 It takes someone like Roosevelt to carry a favorite for the younger generation. (5,4)
16 Only indifferent net results, but might be called for on the field. (4,5)
18 The sorry state of Cleveland is about to tell on the playwright's character. (7)
20 The lines of a poet and roué, possibly. (7)
21 See 2 down.
22 What's the point of convergence? (5)
24 What might be given up in land projection? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1314

ACROSS: 1 Blow-hard; 5 Spices; 10 Cheer; 11 Padlocked; 12 Amateur; 13 Counsel; 14 Misses; 15 Shearer; 18 Angevin; 21 Cheats; 24 Candles; 26 Initial; 27 Tarpaulin; 29 and 28 Clean-shaven; 30 and 7 Birthday cakes. DOWN: 1 Buccal; 2 Overawing; 3 Harkens; 4 Reports; 6 Procure; 8 Saddlers; 9 Educes; 16 Retrieved; 17 Narcotic; 19 Villain; 20 Nestle; 21 Chianti; 22 Epithet; 23 Plenty; 25 Nurse.

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